

Esquire

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Men At His Best

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On April 26, "The Transformation of Johnny Spar," by Chip Brown (January 1998), received the 1998 National Magazine Award for best feature writing. Esquire was a finalist in two other categories. Congratulations to Mr. Brown, as well as the other winners: Fale Heneill, Peter Freundlich, Arlen Carr, Ed McClanahan, and James Salter.

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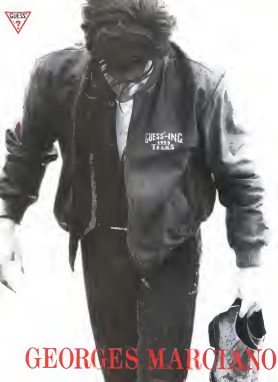
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No man of Steel
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NUCLEAR



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GEORGES MAROLANO



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Backstage

How We Got Here

By Lee Eisenberg



Irwin Shaw

ESKQUIRE PUBLISHED its first summer reading issue five years ago, so this is an anniversary of sorts. The whole business started because Irwin Shaw threw down a challenge in the summer of '75: Shaw was then seventy years old, and had arrived from his home in Klonara, Switzerland, to spend a couple of months on Long Island. Blue Hills and I took him to lunch. After a drink or two, Shaw's eyes began to twinkle, and he got truly, his pointed at us. "What have you done for science lately?" he boomed at his goodly way. We told him that we continued to publish it, which was a lot more than most magazines were doing. Shaw offered no credit. "You've got to do more," he bellowed. "You've got to devote a whole damn issue to it. Do that and I'll help you beat the bushes. I'll write to any big shot you want and get a story for you." We looked around the room at some big shot. Shaw knew that they hadn't had a short story in their typewriter for years. He wanted that off. "We'll submit them into it," he shouted. "I might even try one myself. A deal?"

Another round of drinks and we had a deal. Shaw wrote letters to a half-dozen big shots, mostly to no avail. He did, however, get the post holding, and pills rounded up stories from Updike, Yates, Dauvoine, and Oates, to name a few. Shaw kept in regular touch, and we became friends. But whenever I'd ask how his story was coming, he'd wave the air. Eventually he said for me to let him write one, but that he'd release material on introduction to the issue. That winter he got sick. In April 1981 he was no longer. "Make my wishes to the writers and editors of Esquire," he told me. "I'm unhappy about not helping the fiction issue along."

Shaw died three weeks later. America's literary culture had lost the heart of a lion.

Lee Eisenberg is Esquire's editor in chief.

been. Everything I read by that moment in rapidly moved by James Salter in his second issue of Shaw, "Winter of the Lion," which appears on page 10. Salter, whose last story for Esquire, "American Express," was nominated for a National Magazine Award this year, was also the winner of this year's prestigious PEN/Faulkner Award for his collection *Dark and Other Stories*.

IF YOU ARE ONE of the many readers who, when receiving a new issue of Esquire, go right to Stanley Sing's The Strategist column, you'll be amazed to find that the Strategist's space has been swept clean. His erstwhile March 1981 of other points have been broadened away to corporate disinformation. On the contrary, Singley has been hooked up into an even bigger office, twice

the size of the old, better located, a veritable corner suite of a space. Starting this month, Sing will write a new column called—spontaneously, as we like to say these days—The Sing Report. The column's about how they work, how they live at home, their travels with women, their relationship to large casual best. Unlike other columns about men in other magazines, Sing's won't be what. Though, truth be told, Sing has been known to whisper on occasion. And not, rive, gaffaw, snicker, snort, even open up from time to time. But when, never. There's what motion has our kind of guy. Says Sing: "I'm pleased to assume this new and personal responsibility, coming as it does with fresh challenges and a handsome bonus. I just hope I'm doing the right thing, because a lot of people are depending on me. First that's my company." Sing by his new digs and no-mind yourself.

SHORTLY BEFORE we went to press, we learned of the death of former Esquire editor Harold Hayes. He died in Los Angeles of a brain tumor at age sixty-two. During his tenure—most of the Sixties and early Seventies—Hayes inspired the taken of a new generation of nonfiction writers. He also set off a revolution in magazine art direction and design. Next month the magazine and the writers who were guided by Hayes will also be moved and where to live. Until then we offer our deepest condolences to Harold's family. **B**

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The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

More Talk

"Talking AIDS to Death," by Randy Sklar (March), certainly didn't contribute to a successful debate on AIDS. Sklar compares the number of AIDS deaths with the number of Americans killed during the Vietnam War, and states that more cancer deaths are linked to people's behavior. These kinds of twisted analogies and unsubstantiated claims are no better than stating that mosquitoes can give you AIDS. Also, Sklar paints the government as monstrously dishonest and congressional, suddenly appearing to use discourse of sincerity and need for a "bad guy." Sklar seems amazed that his one-time reader now didn't single-handedly stop AIDS. The fight against disease doesn't need this kind of argument carried.

Jill Foster
Highlands Ranch, Colo.

Randy Sklar says that people grieve when he tells them there's hundred thousand Americans will die from AIDS over the next ten years. For what? Is congressional activists in question is that that figure is less than 1 percent of the total number of deaths in that period. The other 99 percent will die from diseases such as heart disease, cancer, and cancer. Every dollar spent on AIDS is denied to those other diseases. It's true that we stopped back from the self-serving hysteria promoted by Sklar and put AIDS in perspective.

Ryan Thompson
San Marcos, Calif.

As much as I admire Randy Sklar, I am confounded by the dishonesty of his source. Sklar lists a reporter's healthy skepticism for Dr. Anthony Fauci and the National Institutes of Health,

yet he displays such interest about the media he so adamantly criticizes. As far as complaints about misstatements at the hands of Morton Downey Jr.—come on, Randy, get real. To participate in colloquialism, you can climb in with the pigs, but don't expect to remain that high above the pigs' sties.

Monty Madhuson
Bloomington, Minn.

My perception that Ronald Reagan was merely one of the unpopular American presidents changed when I read Sklar's statement that Reagan had allowed the NIH to sit idle during all the 1970s. Congress had approved funding for the fight against AIDS. If that is true, his actions border on criminal negligence. We can't bring those who have died as a result of this delay back to life. Maybe the

most expedient solution would have been to appoint Reagan with the HIV virus, perhaps that would have gotten his focus a bit and caused to spend up federal research.

Joseph Hennessy
New York, N.Y.

Many thanks for your AIDS article. It will be interesting to get some news from now, when several million who have been on their toes recently and early studies are told that their cases are along for the third, as fourth generation AIDS treatments to help. Doubtless, supporters of President Quayle will accuse the gay community of deliberately delaying to push for better action, and articles like this will help keep the record straight, as a win.

Robert P. Sprague
Riverside, Calif.

Randy, when I saw you on TV I wanted to have you as a friend. When I read your book I wanted to give you a medal. Keep on talking and caring.

Lois Erskinen
Seattle, Wash.

Unconventional

I hope that the next time you make a reference on your cover to me without underwear ("Goodness Gracious" by John Ed Bradley, March), you will at least wrap the name in homophony before mailing it. My mailman no longer speaks to me.

John J. Frank
Jesse, Calif.

I'm thrilled to learn that Dennis Quaid has the closest neighbor in all Tennessee, but you left one important fact out of your otherwise fine cover story on the actor. Quaid would be the first about that Jerry Lee Lewis is far from obvious, so is the leg-andy company for which he recorded classic like "Great Balls of Fire" and "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On." Sam

Records, like Jerry Lee himself, is still very much alive—and still riffs!

Bobby S. Laughlin
See Entertainment Corporation
Nashville, Tenn.

That's it, I'm gone. I'm a token mail. Closely followed by the addition of a question: the Quaid. Quaid issue to me girlfriend... before I go to sleep to read it. Look, what's new?

Daniel A. Gove
Memphis, Miss.

Value Received

I get had to write to tell you how much I enjoyed the March issue, especially the story about Joseph Levens (American Rem. by Bob Good). It's nice to see such honesty and some sense of values in American society. However, it does make one wonder if a sense of history isn't seriously proportional to the amount of money a person has at the present a person holds in our society.

Russell J. Buckley
Hempstead, Conn.

Smile!

Just because a woman is willing to put her life on a line doesn't mean you have to shoot her. In John Roberts (Women We Love, March) that young, dear dumb, in just that dispensation? Just was wrong.

Mary Eynold
Norfolk, Va.

Tong C.

Thanks to Mike Lopez for his story on Tony Capalone (The Opening Life, March). Tony's story is both triumphant and tragic—a boyhood dream denied, only to be short-cut by an incredible malpractice. But the Capalone family shouldn't worry, his child has everything will remember when Tony C. was young, and it seemed hold his home runs over the wall forever.

Timothy Shea
Chicago, Ill.

Write On!

Today's writers may have many issues working a paper here, but Congress is on their side ("A Literary Illusion," by Adam Smith,

February); Senator Pat Dwyer (R-N.M.), Ed Bradley (D-N.Y.), Donald P. Matthews (D-N.Y.), and Representative Thomas J. Downey (D-N.Y.) listened and took action when men and women in their states explained the problem with an ancient provision in the tax code. Congress passed the bicentennial Revenue Act of 1985, which repeals the provision that required these groups to cap their then operating expenses. Congress does consider art and literature to be national treasures, and will continue to work with the artists and writers of this country to make sure they are treated fairly by the law.

Kenna P. Holoditz
Legislative Assistant for
Senator Pat Dwyer
Washington, D.C.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address to: The Sound and the Fury, Box 999, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

REFRIGERATORS ARE just boxes with windows," said General Electric last July. Dressed in 1978, painting his device in chrome, he cut under into the appliance business, "and that's what we already make." No wonder, then, that refrigerator soon looked like an oval wooden box of short metal upright work strips and bulges of chrome, and equipped with control panels that looked like dashboards. Designer Henry Dreyfus spoke of kitchen appliances that "give you the feeling you could climb in and drive away." To keep up, General Electric was even forced to create its beloved Master Top refrigerator—the Model T of the industry—in a streamlined body.

Today, kitchen appliances appear in a different state: they were to blend in and disappear. Now the trend is toward "ungrazed" appliances, not domestic appliances packed like so many old Hudsons in your kitchen, but sleek boxes behind wood-panel glass or laminated wood panels, exposing only their control knobs and LEDs—like subtle suggestions.

This is due to the ubiquitous influence of Eurostyle. In 1975 AEG and Miele, two of the top European makers, began to colonize the American "consumer-kitchen" market, offering Germanic, Danish, and others. Whenever they had going first class, these appliances had great knobs, softly rounded, artistically grouted—the bits of knobs. The design goal of an AEG microwave looks like the face of a graphic equalizer.

To slim the look, it is no longer necessary to wear the mask up by sliding cash off to the RUC. American lines have begun making Euro-inspired appliances right here in inner-land, wonder of wonders,



LIVING QUARTERS

Are My Appliances Showing?

By Phil Patton

They are eroding the Common-sense General Electric, Thorndike, Kitchenaid, and others are going Eurostyle. Kitchenaid, best known for its excellent dishwashers, is expanding toward a full line of appliances. Thorndike's new "White Collection" moves beyond the ovens and cooktops for which it is best known and right smack into freezers.

The more ambitious effort is General Electric's Monogram line, shaped, says the man who created it, advertising, to "give the appearance that someone was preparing parts or something in this household kitchen and simply stepped out of the room for a moment." A more succinct, not to say evocative, definition of Eurostyle would be hard to find.

To tighten, you alter a simple line—from refrigerator to garbage compactor—with cooking front panels in white or black or purple, as Thorndike's "Europa door panels." Carried to the extreme, as in Monogram, integration across recommending a panel of the

**The more we live
in the kitchen,
the more we want
to disguise it
as a part of us.**

same material used in the cabinetry to the front of the dishwasher or refrigerator. The more we live in the kitchen, it seems, the more we want to disguise it as a sort of den, all richly patterned, the granitic mechanical hidden. It is as if the kitchen had all of a sudden been turned into something like a media room.

To achieve true integration, all these boxes must first be re-tooled. To this end, refrigerators have been dressed out in a renaissance-style design—standard for other appliances and accessories—and the height of all the appliance lines have been made adjustable. And there is much talk, in the counter-kitchen business, of "see-back panels"—front strips driven by the flavor that cover metal but like slats, the point is to get them all even. It is a wonderful term, "see back," suggesting the startling incongruity of a *shelved*—single, hand-on refrigerator rail.

One of the side effects of this anonymity is that these manufacturers—Old World and New—have allowed so closely to an sleeked Eurolook. In making their appliances intelligible with each other, they have also made them intelligible with their compacts—ovens, like ceramic components. Of course,

LOTTED BRANTIA ILLINOIS

Man At His Best

GE points out that buying from one manufacturer means one delivery and one service number. The company also emphasizes its fast service network, supplemented by a Monogram Toll number that operates nonstop four hours a day. "You can call up at 4:00 a.m. on Christmas eve," GE says.

And GE's spokespeople are not above supplementing their positive patches with some reality—benny horns that some European cents are not even self-financing, some refrigerators not even frost-free. They go on to evoke dark moments of events that will not accommodate a turkey, and refrigerators too narrow to accept party trays, remnants of holidays and Super Bowl parties turned into homecoming runs by the conventions of Old World architecture.

But GE has done more than use the sheer force of its marketing clout. In designing the Monogram line, GE took aim at the leader in each category—at the prestigious Sub-Zero refrigerator, the downsized remodeler Duggan's cooktop, the Miele dish washer—and tried to home in

GE also entered the details, passing a wire stick in its refrigerator, and stands on as late as you don't scratch the Corning-Plex. One Bloomberg opinion is an electric "induction" cooking that heats through a magnetic current, providing a system that is as immediately convertible as gas. All you use is a panel of tempered glass marked with circles; the system is like some world's last vision of future cooking. And while the Europeans are still at storage of local, home-use designed, GE offers mostly more sophisticated, flat-board and con-

toxic. And to reduce the size of the Milwaukee refrigerators, GE engineers removed the bulky, less-storable coils from the back and tucked the compressor in top-on-top—just where the classic GE Monogram Top had it back in the 1940s, before refrigerators began to resemble cars. Now it is General Motors that could learn from General Electric. ■



THE SEASONED COOK

Not Mom's Beans

By Regina Schramblow

HAVING BEEN raised in a litter of seven, in one of those old-fashioned Carolina farmhouses, I always thought I knew how my mother seemed to find something marvelous about multiplying the lowly legume to feed the masses. There was always one bag of beans heaping sorted and stacked while someone was being boiled into submission as her young presence cooked. "What an army, then, to see my mother's hands tie green through or purple elevated to haute cuisine."

These days you can't eat in a trendy American restaurant, let alone a classical French or Italian joint, without bumping into beans. Frites are paired with potatoes and meat. White beans are mopping out with lobster or lamb sausage. Lentils have become the beans bud for everything from pheasant to fish pie, while black beans are de rigueur

pour, stir two cups' worth, raise cover with water, and let cook overnight. Next day, once again, then pour into a heavy kettle and add fresh water to cover. Add a

**You can't eat
in a trendy new
restaurant
without bumping
into home.**

suspension of salt and living to a host. Cover, lower the heat, and let the beans simmer until just tender, about an hour and a half, give or take 15 extra minutes. Then drain completely and put in a large bowl. Place in half a cup of extra-virgin olive oil, and season with salt and freshly ground white pepper. Let sit while you make the chocolate.

The Greeks would use meat or vegetable, but a hard protein, one isn't supposed to. They would also chicken a wish head or potatoes, but both together seem to make the smoothest team. You start, peel a small potato, and boil until soft. Meanwhile, peel or re-melted chunks of garlic into the same oil as the olive head. Cut six slices of fish or bread, throw away the crust, and soak the centers in warm water.

Squashes be broad dry and add to the bowl. Process until fairly smooth. With the motor running, drizzle in two thirds to a cup of good olive oil, and pause until the sauce has the consistency of mayonnaise. Stir in the juice of a few lemons and season with salt and fresh whole pepper. Taste, adding more minced garlic or lemon, if you like, and a couple of shots of Tabasco.

Platen. Sprinkle on a bit of parsley and spoon the chorizos over a mound alongside.

Pass the fork. **E**



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MOTORING

The Gentrified Hog

By Mark Marvel

A 1988 GNE, on its side on the concrete of his workshop. "When it came to planning the magazine," says Lutz, "the motorcycle was earth on compared to a Harley. That's why I've named my Harley's name on the side of my work."

Very strange. But then, Lutz Ford is kind of strange. As are other bikers commonly associated with Harley-Davidson—various large men in Gothic drag, performing debauched rites of passage on the same roads trod by the family across regions. The same roads paved by the California and Florida state police, who also drive Harleys. But what about Charles Knaul? He's the president of VISA. When he takes to the road, dealers see...you guessed it...he's on a Harley.

What we have here is an odd, cultural anomaly: a pin-point effect that enables otherwise inseparable, indistinguishable expressions, like Malcolm Forbes, to crop on leather and cruise around with unrecognizable cultural icons, like Lou Taylor, without feeling the least bit absurd. Harley stands for something distinctly American—conspicuous like grandfatherly rule on the presence of a 1,200 cc, fully rigged Hog. Dennis Hopper drove a Harley in Easy Rider. Parker Mark Gordon, point man for the Christian Riders Club, started

driving Harleys the same year he was ordained. Between the sales and success, however, a new breed of motorcycle enthusiast is emerging—out of the corporate closet.

They're called Bobbers—Rich Urban Bikers, if you haven't been watching *Gothic*—and they're now buying Harleys the way they once bought timepieces and BMWs. They are also helping Harley to return to its rightful place at the head of the heavyweight pack. Less than a decade ago, however, it seemed that sinking ship of a motorcycle would save the company from

bankruptcy. So what, then, has made an act of God, has sustained this cultural and sartorial anomaly, to these past eighty-five years?

Back in 1903, in a shack on the outskirts of Milwaukee, the Harley-Davidson motor company began producing something called the *Scientific Grey Fellow*—the same year Henry Ford introduced his first Model A and the Wright brothers assigned the sky over Kitty Hawk. Harleys weren't very big back then—a curious mix of engine and luggage, their explosion was larger displacement machines puffed the American desire for power, speed, and personal freedom. The V-twin engine was introduced in 1907, boosting a top speed of barely sixty miles an hour. Nine years later the first American soldier who carried

Germany was closing after the Kaiser on a Harley.

Harleys shared Kesselring through North Africa during World War II, and when the soldiers returned home and the baby boom began, a landless motorcycle market unfolded. By the end of the postwar decade, Harley-Davidson had driven all other American motorcycle producers out of existence. By the early 1960s, the machines were so popular that the company could no longer meet production demands.

But Harley's reputation was severely tarnished in the 1970s, after the AMF corporation

Between the saints and sinners, a whole new breed of biker is emerging.

bought the company and began overproducing lower quality bikes. The joke at the time was that if you were buying a Harley, you'd better buy two of them—one for your park. The California Highway Patrol stopped using Harleys because they weren't dependable (one reason Erik Strömberg drove a Kawasaki, thank God, on *CHIPS*).



Bob Gordon/Robert L.A.



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Man At His Best

with something that transcends the world.

Back in 1971, jewelry designer Barry Kussman Card introduced a belt called the Watcher.

Watchers were an odd little tin for a belt. It served its purpose, and it was graceful.

But it had an equally shaped counterweight buckle and a very long tip. The belt was unusually long and was meant to be wrapped around the body of the belt. Some people remember only the price of the Watcher, which was \$333, but the whole point was that the belt transcended its purpose because it revealed the concept of what a belt should be and how it should look. "When people criticized me for how much it cost," says Kussman Card, "my answer was that belts are the most important accessory a man can wear. They shouldn't be just an afterthought. My belt is a piece of jewelry." Today the Watcher still sells for \$333 and up.

Probably the closest American to the nature of belt was Fred Astaire. Take a close look at him on the Broadway musical from Holiday Inn or in that classic scene from *Royal Wedding* in which he dances with a cascade of three-two movies, and, as many others, Astaire was an odd little tin instead of a belt. It served its purpose, it was graceful, and it avoided the loose or business look.

Word has it that Fred Astaire, the man's shapely Madison Avenue, is designing a belt along the same lines. It will be a delicate afterthought. However, all anybody really has to do is tie off the ends and dip it through his belt loops. Any tie will do. One size fits all. The average American neckline is fifty-five inches long—more than enough to wrap around the waist of the average American man. **E**



REAL MUSIC

Thirty Years of Hard Practice

By Daniel O'Keefe

FRANK MORGAN IS a rare machine, a contemporary pioneer, and a full-time musical. He also plays an old-time fiddle that may date back to the first three things we probably wouldn't even know were lost.

The fifty-five-year-old Morgan is a true machine because he came of musical age in the heart of the belly-ache, making his first record under his own name at twenty-one—and then disappearing for three full decades. When he reemerged in 1975 as an outstanding exponent of bluegrass, his first record sound and Parker-like phrasing were all but unacknowledged by the musical world of the intervening years.

Morgan is a contemporary pioneer because of what led to his disappearance: an infatuation

with bebop's saxophone to his men, heroin. For most of those dark years, Morgan was either behind bars or competing—through theft, forgery, and all the other tricks a resourceful addict will pursue—to get back on. During those years, his most recorded gig was in San Quentin, in a house band called the band of the band (and equally drug-clogged) Art Pepper.

And Morgan isn't the only reason because those who stood in just have been posing, preening, and measuring him over his first post-junk album, *Easy Living*, appeared in 1975 on *Contemporary Records*. Could it be, they wanted to ask, that the backbone of the California prison system had rejoined, even returned, such a remarkable talent?

That's where "play as the six better than my man alone"

comes in. For Morgan has spent his four years as a first-time writer lost time into a body of work that now, with *Contemporary's* release of *Reflections*, numbers

His most enduring gig was at San Quentin, in a house band with Art Pepper.

seven records. Together they are said to be the best of the best.

On the new release Morgan is extremely present, edgy, and expressive. Besides the *Reflections* Morgan title cut, only two of the seven Morgan plays have been recorded before. But the gift he displays—his voice, his phrasing, his phenomenally expressive and soulful guitar—makes this music immediately familiar. It is Morgan as new machine again, the fifty-second Street (or Los Angeles's Central Avenue) of 1975 reborn in his twenty-one—except his twenty-one musical history would be now free of the white poison that made the real one such a tragic place.

In addition to the nine releases, his best records are *Double Edge* (a short album with the soulful Ray Arneson, George Cole) and my own personal favorite, *Yardbird Suite* (both also on *Contemporary*). On the latter disc, Morgan plays a number of tunes associated with Parker, the man who inspired both his music-making and his substance. But now Morgan is ready to move Parker down to dedicate that music to his own. On the title cut, on "New Eyes," and on "My Love"—the great Peggy Carter standard song that Parker never recorded but always wished for—Morgan's earnest, his vulnerability to material and the thirty-year risk never happened.

"I'm not a kid," Frank Morgan said not long ago, "so I don't have twenty years to go on the road to start around." He has only this moment, and he makes it sing and soar. **E**

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Herman Gollob's Bar Mitzvah

By Bob Greene



He'd achieved all he'd hoped for, but there was one more thing he had to do

will of his office he displayed a framed question: **DO PEOPLE LOVE MONEY AND WAS IT WORTH IT?** Herman, who had no brothers or sisters, grew up street-smart attending synagogue, and when he was of college age he enrolled at Texas A&M. He graduated in 1953 with a degree in English, then served in Korea in a liaison unit with the Air Force. After the war he went to California, seeking a career in some aspect of show business.

"My dad always thought that some of the great western movies were modified after biblical stories," Gollob said. "When I went to Hollywood, my dad said to me, 'If you ever run into George Stevens, ask him if he had looked out

ages in mind when he directed *Shane*?' I never did meet George Stevens, but I was at a party with Alan Ladd one night. I said, 'Mr. Ladd, did George Stevens have the Bible in mind when he was directing *Shane*?' And Ladd said, 'I haven't got the faintest idea, kid. What are you drinking?'

Gollob eventually moved east and went into the book-publishing industry. He is currently senior vice-president and editor in chief of Doubleday. In that executive position he had his authority to give himself two days off on the Thursday and Friday before his bar mitzvah.

"SEVERAL YEARS ago, some good friends of ours invited us to their son's bar mitzvah," Gollob said. "As hard as it is to believe, I had never been to a bar mitzvah. The experience of seeing the ceremony . . . it was a feeling of awe. The beauty and the pagantry of this ceremony overwhelmed me. I got the shivers."

Traditionally, Jewish boys are bar mitzvah when they reach the age of thirteen—the phrase that is where *quince* is. "Today I am a man," Gollob, in his mid-fifties, felt a yearning that shocked him. Unbeknownst to his wife, Barbara, he sent away for some suit-and-tie orders.

The tapes were in Hebrew—one of them was Richard Tucker chanting the Sabbath melodies," Gollob said. "I got some books too. Every Saturday morning in the den of our house, I began to observe the Sabbath by myself. I was sort of struggling, trying to learn the He-

Bob Greene is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine. His new book, *Homecoming: When the Soldiers Returned from Vietnam*, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

So, for the first time, the Goffalo joined a couple. Soon after, Herman Goffalo decided that it was time for him to be hospitalized.

¹⁷ "THIS IS A MAN of tremendous skill and willpower," said Rabbi Joshua Chasin of Congregation Shalom Ezerah. "I knew that once he set his mind to doing this, he would follow it through to its conclusion."

It was Rabbi Chazan who guided Gofib through his four months training. The rabbi was accustomed to training children for the ceremony. But Gofib, his new pupil, was sixteen years older than Rabbi Chazan. Nevertheless, for an entire year Gofib would go to temple and study with the rabbi. In addition, Gofib would practice on his own, two and a half hours a day, seven days a week.

"I would ride the bus from New Jersey to my office in Manhattan very early," I said. "I would play my Hebrew tapes and listen to them through headphones. I'd be at my office by seven. No one else was around. I'd close my door and chant. One morning one of the secretaries saw a fringe before my usual time. She knocked on the door and said, 'Are you around?'"

On business trips, Colletti would take his tapes, as well as photocopies of the religious services. "I'd sit in my hotel room and just do it," he said. "In years past, I'd probably be downstairs hanging around the bar. Now I was up there charming 'em."

HE WAS GETTING BETTER and bolder. But as the share of his last earnings grew smaller, he found himself filled with anxiety.

"I suppose it was the fear of failure and humiliation," he said. "On the day of your bar mitzvah, you're up there for three and a half hours."

Never mind that he had risen to the heights of his chosen field, never mind that he had presided over literally hundreds of business presentations. "That didn't matter," he said. "This was completely different. It was like a hole day. I would walk up in the middle of the night in a panic."

Rabbi Shalom felt that God's love had nothing to worry about. "As we worked together, I could hear the power in his singing," the rabbi said. "It was so rich, it was so internal and so warm . . . I found myself weeping. Those did that man come up with such an intimate understanding of this music and this language and this community? I believe there is a way that we are connected with our past and with our heritage—a way that is not immediately understandable, but that is undeniable."

FOR MANY thirteen-year-old Jewish boys, the bar mitzvah is one part religious ceremony, one part social occasion. They invite their friends and schoolmates, show parents what their own friends. Often there are parties in the evening, with dancing and games.

"I won't go into details," Goffish said. "I didn't invite anyone, although I let a couple of guys from work know about it. I sort of told them that they were welcome to come if they wanted." His bar mitzvah, at around a year with tradition, would be part of the regular Saturday services at the temple.

On the Thursday and Friday before the

"I put on the prayer shawl and the skullcap. As soon as I started, I knew it was going to be all right."

sanctuary—the two days off he had taken from his job—he went to the synagogue and practiced in the sanctuary. “Several times during the rehearsals, I found myself crying,” he said.

He wondered why he was feeling such deep emotion. From his lifetime knowledge of literature, he remembered some lines from the poet William Butler Yeats: "Blow out in common and ceremony / Are common and ceremony both." Yeats had used the phrase "a radical commoner." That, Golob thought, was what he was trying to find—an innocuous no string, and so pure as to be almost radical.

But if that was what he was trying to find, what was he trying to escape?

Another literary passage came to mind—the one from Herman Melville in the novel *Moby-Dick*. The words were from a soliloquy by Captain Ahab as he sat alone in his cabin, gazing out the stern windows, observing the intoxicating beauty of the sunset upon the sea.

"This kindly light, it lights not me, all loveless is unquench to me, and not I can re/joyce enjoy. Gifted with the high perception, I lack the low enjoying powers; denied, most subtly and most malignantly, I live not in the order of Paradise!"

God's religious and he wept and he
heard some more, and in 1910 we find
that he went to sleep.

THERE WERE BETWEEN seven and eight people in the temple on Saturday morning.

"I put on the prayer shawl and the skullcap," Gellib said. "As soon as I started, I knew it was going to be all right."

For three hours, he made his way through the anemic ceremony. Next the faces of the congregation he could see his wife, his twenty-two-year-old daughter, Emily, and his twenty-five-year-old son, Jared. Both children had been living away from home, but had returned for their father's bar mitzvah.

"My son seemed to be riveted by what was going on," Golds said. "The ceremony with which he was looking at me was quite remarkable. My wife and daughter—I suppose you could call it pride. At least that's what it looked like to me."

When it was over, Goldfish felt exuberant. He and his family stood in a rooming line with the stable and accepted the congratulations of the congregation. Back home he and his wife and children watched old family movies. Then, exhausted, he went upstairs and took a nap.

"A LOT OF PEOPLE, jokingly, have asked me if the whole point of all this was to be able to say, 'Today I am a man!'"

"That's not it, of course," he said. "What does that mean, really? What does that mean—to be a man?"

"No, it wasn't a matter of being more

is anax, or being more substantial, or being more precise. I think it was a lot simpler than that.

"In my life, I had touched all the bases except one. I had had a good career, a good marriage, good children, a good home. I had had all the fun and met all the suspense-liners. Touched every one of those bases. Or so I told myself.

"But there was one little piece missing. One little piece I never filed in. You can cover it up and cover it up and cover it up. But that piece is still not there, no matter how hard you try to cover it up."
 "That was a long time coming. This was

"And now I have. Or at least I've started." ■

A blue Ford Taurus sedan is shown from a front-three-quarter view, parked in a misty, wooded area. The car's headlights are on, and the fog creates a hazy atmosphere around the vehicle. The background shows tall trees and a misty sky.

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The Sporting Life

Garvey Scores!

By Mike Lupica

WE WERE HAVING LUNCH near the pool at the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club on one of those southern California afternoons right out of the island headlines. We were talking about Steve Garvey. Not long ago, Garvey was, for most people anyway, the all-American boy, a fan favorite. Then a woman from San Diego said he was the father of her daughter, and a woman from Atlanta said he had made her pregnant, too. The plot was followed. America had a million of them. There were bumper stickers (and if you're carrying STEVE GARVEY'S BABY, cartoons showing him with a first baseman's mitt under a sky full of falling babies, and plenty of one-liners on the late-night talk-show circuit. Everybody thought the idea of Steve Garvey as a sports hero was funny.

A winter came to the cable web, an oodles of for Garvey. I turned to his new wife. "Can I ask you a question?" "No, I'm not pregnant," Candace Garvey said.

Steve smiled, nothing big, a wicker seat nearby, and gestured his hand.

"So why I love her?" he said.

The night before, Garvey had again been on the wrong end of a one-liner. During the Oscar telecast, Bob Hope had quipped, "The last time I was ever humbled by this many beautiful women was when I spent Father's Day at Steve Garvey's house."

"I called that one," Candace Garvey said. "We haven't been anywhere that we haven't heard a joke."

"Did you hear the one from Jay Leno?"

Garvey sighed. He wife said, "What are we that?"

"The Supreme General in stepping up his campaign about candid wife," I

Mike Lupica is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



**And Cynthia cries foul,
Margo rides the
pines, Judith and Rebecca
strike out. Holy cow!**

and, quoting Leno: "In fact last night he even mentioned Steve Garvey by name!"

Candace whooped. She sounded like one of the little girls yelping in the pool.

"Do you want to hear what Roger McDowell of the Mets said?"

Garvey giggled into the sun. "What did Roger say?"

A few weeks before, on Larry King Live, Garvey had claimed that he was "going to step up to the plate" and take responsibility if it was proved both babies were his. McDowell had fired back, "Hey, Steve, people that place were over in a while."

Candace Garvey then started laughing so hard that people who were trying not to stare at the table were forced to turn looked at her the way Garvey used to look at Grace.

"That's a good one, Steve, you've got to admit," she said loudly. She added some strange race and Fenwick. "Steve knows how I feel about this. He's been here, and I've been here. Do you reach the point where you have to either laugh or cry. And I've done enough crying."

STEVE GARVEY had a baseball career that will put him in the Hall of Fame someday. He started with the Dodgers in 1969 and didn't quit until a bad arm injury kept him from the Padres in 1979. He was an All-Star ten times and played in five World Series. He had two

handed bats in a season six times. During most of his career, he played in every consecutive game, a National League record.

Garvey came along at a time when the athletes became the rage of professional sports. In no way dominated by flamboyant athletes such as Joe Namath and Walt Frazier, Steve Garvey seemed to be a throwback. He played football and

baseball at Michigan State and married his college sweetheart. He said and did all the right things, and made no secret of his political ambivalence. People who liked Garvey celebrated what they perceived to be his old-fashioned virtues. People who were to spouses said he was pomp and self-importance.

Steve Garvey was, now that I think about it, the first baseball yapper. For eight years, he moved those Popper fans from through the ball and did very well for himself. When he finally moved, he kept busy with charity work, his public-relations firm—the Garvey-McIntyre Group—television, and celebrity sports events. And as it turned out, he actually was at ease with the ladies.

"I never said I was the ultimate man boy," Steve Garvey said. "The press said that. But I have always assumed the responsibility of a hero."

EIGHT DAYS AFTER I saw Steve at San Diego, Cynthia Garvey called me on the telephone. I asked her questions. She did most of the talking. In a room that was at least lifeless, she said that her husband had never been the all-American boy. She spoke slowly, as if to make sure I did not miss a word.

"None of this is a joke," she said. "Steve is a sociopath. He can do things with little women. He has no regard for anyone's feelings. He has the ability to have a cold look in his eyes. It's the look you see from serial killers like Ted Bundy."

She paused. "He is not a hero. He needs therapy. I know. I've had a lot of therapy in my life because of Steve Garvey."

I asked her to define sociopath.

She said, "On a scale of one to ten, Steve's about a seven."

"What's a six?"

"A six is, I didn't mean to stab her in the back times."

CYNTHIA GOT THE WORST of the operation in the media. She was the wife from hell, he was the good guy. In 1976, when she and Steve were still together, there was a story about them in the magazine *Inside Sports*. A lot of people made fun of the article. Steve Garvey who did the talking in that article I was one.

Years later, this much is clear: vendors were for such treatment because something of an obsession for Cynthia.

"I was the bad one," she said. "And he was good. Now people are calling me not talking to they were worse." She paused. "My only love is that the creative is not dead, even with everything that has happened to him."

Cynthia Garvey does not sound as if she

was ever married to Steve. She sounds like a prosecuting attorney shouting for the maximum sentence.

BEFORE LUNCH, Steve Garvey and I shared a couple of sets of wine. Garvey looks cheerful in areas where he didn't play baseball, but just as quiet. After some of the baby blues had cleared the storm in his life, Steve Ochs wrote in the *Los Angeles Times* that there was a simple pleasure too. "If the baby's hair is matted, it's not Garvey's."

As we were warming up, I asked Garvey if he heard that one.

"Steve can get a cold look in his eyes. It's the kind of look you see in serial killers like Ted Bundy."

"Heard it," he said. "We both came to the rat. 'There was something else in the press recently that really made me mad,' Garvey said. 'Jim Murray, who's a good friend and someone I really respect, wrote a column the other day about Garvey and Rose.' The column about Rose's gambling had been around for two weeks. 'The only thing I have in common with Pete Rose is that we both used to try real hard to get our hands back a case.'"

I told Garvey something he of course knew. He is also being compared with Wade Boggs. In fact, Mingo Adams, Boggs's former manager, told *Fastlane* that Steve was a more talent and a better liver than Boggs.

"That's a surprise, too," Garvey said. "Whenever mentioned, I was single."

We played. It is still very difficult for Garvey to raise his right arm above his shoulder, so his serve wasn't much, but he was quicker than he ever appeared on a baseball field. When we were done, I asked him if there was any playing more when he forgets himself and goes for the throat.

"I use the same philosophy: one hour I used on the ball field," he said.

"Which is?"

"Controlled aggression."

ON THE TELEPHONE, Cynthia Garvey gave me her interpretation of Steve's love life. Judith Ross had been his mistress from 1975 until Steve and Cynthia's divorce in 1978, she told me, and their romance con-

tinued into 1978, then came Cheri Modesto, who was mother of the daughter born in February, and Rebecca Mendeshall, the woman from Adams, to whom Garvey eventually proposed.

I told Cynthia that Steve and I had only got out with Modesto five or six times.

"Six months," she said. "Two or three times a week. He dumped her in July."

Again, there was no emotion in the voice. It was as if the day and hour she so obviously felt toward Garvey had left her numb. Then she told me the exact date—January 3—Steve told Mendeshall he was thinking of leaving all this baggage and the date he did break it off a few weeks later.

She said Mendeshall had visited Garvey and his two daughters in Utah over the Christmas holidays, 1978. According to Cynthia, Garvey put Rebecca on a plane and left with Judith Ross that same night. (Garvey and Ross both deny this.)

"I call Rebecca the innocent victim," Cynthia said. "She didn't know his M.O."

AT LUNCH Steve said, "I was single for over seven years. In that time, I went out with three women, and I saw Cynthia and decided she was the woman I wanted to spend the rest of my life with."

Cynthia Garvey said, "If you want to write about something, write about our love story."

They met in January 1978, at Deer Valley, Utah, where Garvey runs a catering service. A year later they got into each other again as a party. They had not yet had an official date, but Garvey said to her at one point, "If you're going to marry me, at least give me your phone number and let me meet your children." In the next few weeks, they went to George Bush's inauguration, traveled to the Super Bowl, got into each other's lives.

This is Steve Garvey's version of what happened with the other women.

He had a four-year relationship with Judith Ross, but he says it did not begin until after he and Cynthia had separated, he said. Cheri Modesto "lived in an attic," and he had a "year-and-a-half" relationship with Rebecca Mendeshall, proposed in November 1977, and broke off their engagement at the first week of January 1978.

He said James he began his romance with Cynthia, a thirty-year-old divorced woman of two. Garvey says that he did not find out about Mendeshall's pregnancy until after he had proposed to Cynthia.

When the story about the latest got out, Garvey did not run away. Gave him that,



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Is That Rouge, Son?

By Stanley Bing



**The man never owned a
jockstrap. What hope, if any,
is there for his kid?**

You can see why I would want better for my son. I know he's a normal little boy. I'm just worried. You'd be worried, too, if you knew me as well as I do.

I've made my feelings known. The other day my wife was by Child World with the two kids to pick up a lunch box for my daughter. As always, she made the "one of your choice" deal with both. My daughter naturally gravitated to the personal accessories, finding herself a shiny leotard (sure with a pearl clip). My son, riding along, selected the same. "I know how ya would want it if it came home with another jockstrap," a wife explained. So, really against her maternal philosophy, she found herself encouraging

him to select an over-the-shoulder leotard instead. I was pleased.

It's not just toys and fashion concepts I'm taking about, of course. It's all the dozens and dozens of little things I see rising up to dominate his character.

Take sports, for instance. I never could.

I remember weekends, or days at camp, or finally just those any moment in my happy, nervous childhood, the morning in bed and watching while kids are laughing and bumping each other, and we're clomping up sides for a scratch game of baseball. One by one, all the kids are picked until the only ones left are me and Wilbur Subers. Then Elton, who is a real gink, goes. I'm crying now, cry, you know, to show I don't care. Why am I doing because, now that I think about it, my father wanted me to be.

One stormy afternoon I remember, "Okie. I guess we've got Bing." I barf. I am assigned deep center field, a little awkward position that involves standing some findings beyond the normal horizon of the game and chasing down balls that go into the parking lot of the Summer Superscraper.

Like my own father, I want my son to be normal, and I am prepared to rain his youth if that's what it takes. So the other Sunday I decided that the time was right to get a little back and introduce the kid to some of the things I used to do. I was around a ball for a while and began fielding, the notion that physical activity is good and natural and something one's father occasionally does. It's a big ball, and soft, by the way, not a baseball



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See Reader Service Card after page 126

Active Health

Paging Dr. Right

By John Poppy

IF YOU'VE gotten along all right with doctors without ever demanding much from them, for a few short or cracked vertebrae, it seems enough to have a skilled machine, and I mean to despect by that. For longer-range vision, though, you want someone whose skills extend into inspiration and leadership. That's asking a lot. Many don't say they can't afford the time. They talk about insurance companies that won't pay for anything beyond a fifteen-minute office visit, but that will pay for drugs and surgery. When you want to ask a lot anyway, where do you look for models?

The Association of American Medical Colleges seems to be wondering the same thing. Starting in 1993, the admission test for the 127 medical colleges in the United States will include two essay questions on subjects neither technical nor medical, to gauge a would-be doctor's breadth of interests and ability to communicate. It's a way to attract students who can overcome facts all right but who, in addition, are good at dealing with people.

Models of excellence are visible enough in other areas. For a measure of grace and focus in sports, you look at the way Joe Montana, awarded the sport in the final two minutes of this year's Super Bowl, Montana is not the only model in his calling, any more than Drew Gooden is in his. But Gooden is my idea of the doctor as sports coach.

Gooden is better known as a quarterback. If the experiment he is running continues to check out, it could improve the vital statistics of the United States, to adopt an approach to heart disease, the major killer in this country, and change the way we live.

His research team recruited fifty volunteers with blocked coronary arteries as missions, for the first time, the degree

John Poppy writes five columns monthly for *Esquire*.



He may be good with a stethoscope, but does he really listen?

to which basic lifestyle changes can reverse heart disease in just a year, without surgery or cholesterol-lowering drugs. Half of the volunteers follow a treatment program. They quit smoking, exercise moderately, eat vegetarian meals with no meat, but only half of them at their colonos in five to eight as much as most people get, meet twice a week for group discussions, and do at least an hour of meditation and relaxation exercises a day. The other half, the control group, don't get that program, but follow their own physicians' advice. In the first year, ten of the first twelve patients in the treatment group got better—they disease not only stopped, it went into reverse—while eleven of the

first seventeen in the control group got worse. Not every place is every where, but the heart monitors, including an program and positron emission tomography (PET) scans, measured overall improvements. The treatment group had the largest reduction in total cholesterol and harmful LDL cholesterol over reported without the use of drugs.

The groups are small and the study isn't over, but its implications make it worth the attention it is getting. There is something else, though—less of a headline maker but probably as important as the long talk—about the man directing it.

Along with his patients, Dr. Shirley Bowen, Gooden sees private patients too. I wondered how his three lives might have led his volunteers to convert. (Conversion in new business, how could that alone keep them all committed?) Might they also be responding to an uncommonly effective physician?

We met at his office, in the Preventive Medicine Research Institute in San Luis Obispo, California. With his slender build, dark hair, and quiet voice, Gooden could be any thirty-five-year-old man except for something in his bearing, a profound wisdom. In our talk, and later as he let me watch him work, his attention never wandered. One sees that gentle focused awareness, as far as I know, only in people so thoroughly prepared for their work that they keep track of what they are doing without effort.

The patients in his study came by the yoga, meditation, and other stress-man-

agement techniques that he gives them. Are those things the key to the results?"

"It isn't so much that I'm interested in stress management," Ornish said. "I'm really interested in how rationing of my kind can be looked at as a different way—just as something relied upon us, as the result of bad luck or bad thoughts, but as information that can help us. I wouldn't extend this to all ailments, but certainly we cannot beat disease as a catalyst for changing behavior like diet, exercise, and so on. Probably more important, stress can be a catalyst for transforming one's values and perceptions of the world."

For instance, the notion of reasoning a "person" of who you want other people to think you are can sometimes make you sick. Define yourself by your inner impulses and you can a risk. "The stakes go way up. Now it's not just succumbing or falling at a given task—passing an exam or selling a car—that on the line, it's succumbing or falling as a person."

So do you either live an interesting, stressful life and die early, or sit under a tree? "That isn't really the choice," he said. "Happiness and self-worth? We have them already, if we just quiet down long enough to experience them." From the opening covers issue (from the old anatomy, in that tradition, we can fill our lives

with more stress than before.

When he was running an emergency room and someone came in with a crushing chest pain, Ornish didn't call him to medication and surgery. He'd choose drugs and surgery in a crisis. For the long run, however, he pays attention to the nature of daily life. Repetitive, trivial and repetitive, don't last. What is the point of the patient keeps doing the thing that produced the problem in the first place? Little of all bypassed arteries clog up again within five years, and a third of all angioplastied arteries clog again within six months.

Ornish outside the whole story is Operating Your Heart, the book he's writing, in his observations. "I didn't intend to have made a lot of progress in these areas. I still dig holes and fall into them. I still think, 'If only I could get that NIH grant, then I'd be happy.' But I catch myself sooner than I used to." (He got the NIH grant.)

A FEW DAYS LATER we met again. Ornish and my wife, the beautiful and lively Julia, let me observe their first discussion of the metal valve prosthesis that her heart specialist diagnosed ten years ago. As far as she knew, the problem was merely structural—a crack, in so to speak, in a valve leaflet—and the solution was to take drugs and a beta blocker every day. She hoped to

reduce the drugs or quit them. A few months from the onset/issue will point to some specifics of competence in Ornish's approach that I'd look for in my doctor.

Reassurance. He looked at her calmly and said, "The glad you came here, because I think you're going to be a lot better." He said her, "What are your symptoms? Your chest often tightens up a lot of things. Then we explore ways of using it to give you more control over your health. The faster back we can go in the usual chain of why things are the way they are, the more powerful the healing can be."

Patient for his subject. Ornish postponed his third year of medical school at Boston to do his first research on heart and kidney in 1972, delayed his Harvard internship at Massachusetts General Hospital for a fellow year study in 1974 and then pursued the work over more. He did things with Julia at an amazing rate without rushing. I was reminded of the enthusiasm of Einstein reading a letter.

"Would you tell me what you know about metal valve prosthesis?" he asked. She said the valve begins to it won't close completely. It gives her a generally fast pulse, episodes of irregular and racing heartbeats, chest pain, shortness of breath, and weakness that she suggests comes from the drugs that control the other symptoms

Good description, he said, except that the bad heart effects of stress could be long high stress could produce the symptoms said, at the same time, the valve out of shape. The problem could be more an effect of her feelings than a cause of them. "Do you mind if I call your cardiologist?" he asked. He picked up the phone and quoted the other doctor about details on the test for this, the reason for that, the flow of his history.

Attention to the whole person. Ornish got Julia to tell enough stories about herself to confirm that the fish things strangely and stomach importance to serving a fish people—certainly more to him, for her, is a goal. Muscles tend to contract in times of stress, he reminded her, producing neck aches or backaches. The same stress can also overconstrict the little papillary muscles that help keep a metal valve in place.

"None of the drugs really addresses the issue of why you are the way you are in the first place," he said. "They're a band-aid bypass. Here's a more interesting way to look at it: if the prosthesis is caused in part by an overworked sympathetic nervous system, we can work on that stress. Let's start by examining where it's coming from."

So they did, for the better part of an hour, in the sort of discussion that doctors trapped in a round of clinical rounds often

visit will tell you that they can't afford. "What's the test called?" Julia said. "That's the first test." "Another muscle contracting, just like the papillary muscles in your heart," he said. "What do you do?"

"I stretch them." "That's like saying when the first alarm sounds, you stretch it all. The issue is not how to stretch your test, it's why they call. You want to go back further in the chain."

She did. They considered ways for her to manage stress—not the things that happen to her, but her responses. She suggested that she could take some of them less seriously. He agreed. She should get more rest, he agreed. She should see her relatives, he said. They constructed a program that was part physical therapy, part attitude.

Reassurance pursued. Ornish went after reassurance with far more than questions. He used a full array of medical diagnostic tools. A physical exam included tests that Julia had never had before, including some for central nervous system and reflexes. Her records gave him a first idea of what was going on in her heart, but to his use, he ordered all the tests updated, a new echocardiogram, blood tests, a Holter electrocardiogram monitor that she would wear for several hours.

Power in the patient. Counterbalancing the

authority of his opening reassurance, Ornish made sure Julia came to her own conclusions. "When I was a medical student," he said near the end of their appointment. "I missed a question on an anatomy exam. To which organ does the heart pump blood first? What do you think?"

"Stomach," she said. "Gut."

"Right. It thought it was the liver. The heart feeds itself first so it can take care of the rest of the body. That's a metaphor that's somewhere." She laughed with him.

He said, "I want you to mean yourself from the heart drugs. Here's a technique." "What?" she said. "The heart told I'd be taking them till I did."

"And," he said, "I would like you to take a yoga class to help quiet down your sympathetic nervous system."

He put his prescription in terms, and in order. "Here's my choice," he said. "I'm here to support you at what you are, so that you can choose wisely. My role is not to put you to do anything that you don't want to do, because even more than wanting to feel healthy, we want to feel free—so feel that we're the ones who are choosing to do this or that. That's what empowers you, and what ultimately helps in making you well, the real sense that it's your life." ■



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See Purcells Service Card after page 126





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Smart Money

• PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS

IORCE KNEW an aid rich guy whose endless hallway were so densely packed with Impressionist canvases that he kept a Van Gogh in the powder room. He would drag visitors down his halls from Palazzo to Money, exhorting his pocket money, curving after canvas, as if he was plucky glibly in decorating so late in life that he could actually grow money on a Park Avenue wall.

Burles was twenty years old, back when property and business deals still obscured the public's eye. It was a time of art and big money for ten years, a period of high pre-capitalism that ended the post-war boom from art movements and made the market run hot. A painting by Jasper Johns—a living artist—sold for more than \$17 million, a Picasso just for almost \$10 million, a Van Gogh purchased after World War II for \$14,000 was sold to an American for \$17 million.

Forget the old "art equals money" stuff. There are art-holding companies and even investment funds now. The Index, which tracks prices for paintings, ceramics, and old furniture, has shown a compounded annual return of 10 percent over the past five years. Modern paintings in general are appreciated by an average between the prices of 10 and 15 percent a year, which is a good return in which an impressionist half-million on Wall Street could make the investment return up only 10 percent.

Money managers are saying that any hedge-fund portfolio ought to include a lot of art, as it's less than anything that art, the commodity, has been and the fund. The recently announced Chase Art Investors is designed to collect some \$500 million in investment funds to get to invest in paintings and other important works, while the Los Angeles-based postwar



THE INVESTOR

Art Goes to Wall Street

By Donald R. Kurz

called the Artwork Funds I and II (sold out by Merrill Lynch) is a hedge fund that specializes in art. The European-based Artwork Fund buys and sells old masterpieces. But the most successful investment fund I've found about the art is the one that runs the late owner of the Warhol of the late last bowl would have liked best—in Ted Kline's Santa Barbara-based Art Fund.

For quite a while before founding Artwork, Kline had

made a small but profitable business out of discovering works of art that few professional investors had recognized as valuable. He and his wife once bought an old drawing for \$100 that he later sold for \$100,000 when it was recognized by a famous collector. Kline had been the first to buy it in the Artwork Fund.

Most physicians get paid by oil and gas partnerships and by real estate in most years, so it's not all that unusual. The Long says "But the profits to those are usually well known. And it's going to look like the \$100,000 will be the one to go for \$100,000, or the \$100,000 will be the one to go for \$10 million."

The most well-known example of capital pooled behind an expertise is the Belgium-and-Luxembourg-based Artwork

that were sold in Kline's for \$10,000. And now, in the Artwork Fund, Kline promises to give three kinds of profits on its investments. One is a million, Kline says, and he'll pay it in ten million in three years. Don't have a million? Well, if Kline takes your take on art—which is, of course, the important thing—then he might break down some units to let you in a piece.

Forget that old "art equals beauty" stuff. Now it's indexes and holding companies.

Kline recently drew upon his master's degree in creative writing to write a description of the premiere in an issue of Art & Antiques. "Asian art, I am a bit like Columbus," Kline says. "I keep sailing out, looking for treasure, and somehow I keep discovering beautiful riches in the most unlikely places. It has to be amazing."

These days Kline means that the best of his private collection is watched from behind dollars—"a picture of whom doesn't know what they are doing." He is currently raising up investment money from the likes of Bill Long, an investor from Hillside, South Carolina, and one of the first to buy in the Artwork Fund. "Most physicians get paid by oil and gas partnerships and by real estate in most years, so it's not all that unusual. The Long says "But the profits to those are usually well known. And it's going to look like the \$100,000 will be the one to go for \$100,000, or the \$100,000 will be the one to go for \$10 million."

The most well-known example of capital pooled behind an expertise is the Belgium-and-Luxembourg-based Artwork

fund. Its investors include some of the most sophisticated dealers, art financiers, and art collectors in the world, all of whom work under a commission to buy and sell art as an investment. For American art was never profits of Klee-like proportions. Asked why these renowned experts didn't even touch the profits realized by Klee's *Art Index*, an English devotee of the fund, Tim Barthelemy, pointed out that the index only records the works actually sold. "You never hear about all the paintings that can't

True price information is constantly being distorted by art hype.

be sold and are withdrawn, and you never hear about all the paintings you have to pass over until a new vogue catches the work valuable."

What American does quite successfully is provide a level of liquidity. Aside from the expense of hand-picked art experts, the cost of holding against Japanese property baskets for the best staff, and the reality of transaction costs so high that you have to make up a list of ten percent from the start, a big drawback to art investment has been the re-

luctancy of holding it at least a decade or two to see any price movement. American artists, the Japanese market has offered, as well as European stock companies. Its reports on shareholders equity run to a respectable 14 percent, dividends go out at around 3 percent, and someone holding shares for three years would receive them almost instantly. Not bad, but not as good as \$100 to \$1,000 or \$14,000 to \$15,000-plus figures.

A very sophisticated full-time collector can indeed manage a 10-percent annual ROI, but this inevitably means buying at dollar prices. And investing in your art is a component of a market means going on under standing of the complexities of the marketplace: price, date, quality level, school, and hundreds of other things that can render works by the same artist either valuable or worthless depending on circumstances. Just to inventory the terminology of authentication levels takes a few hours of study.

There is one fact that the current art market is nearly divided between a top represented by auction-house dollar prices and a bottom beyond the means of any museum—a stratosphere where art really has taken on the appearance of a liquid commodity—and a bottom rung inhabited by anonymous art items, where, according to the Art

Dealers Association, less than a percent of the paintings will ever appreciate at all. Chances and bad luck are the only things that can be counted on for investment from the present.

A recent academic study indicates that the real rate of growth for art between 1950 and 1980 was actually 1.4 percent per annum—compared with a 5 percent for securities. Another problem is that once price information is constantly distorted by art world hype—do you like world record-breaking work going on the block to find the single suppression of the many paintings that sell at a loss or don't sell at all. When you see a Christie's auction, you think all the goods are being sold, but when the "lady on the telephone" buying a work is really the auction house taking the work off the market because it has agreed to a minimum purchase price with the seller (and help the art business if it's ever regulated).

I went to watch the telephone index of Christie's recently to the company of Dr. Long, Arizona land investor and student of art, who illustrates an anecdotal John Singer Sargent drawing that he and Klee had picked up for \$15,000 from a beleaguered stockbroker. Price bids appear mostly on a board at the front of the auction hall, covering what Dr. Long diagnosed as "artistic" prices: one painting, three, five, six, nine, and ten. The bidding was fast if nothing else when the Sargent came up, the price flying from \$5,000 to \$15,000 in a matter of seconds. But in much there, leading to personal owners—after showing cars and plane parts—a fact.

"Damn," said Long as the gavel fell. "Well," he continued after a moment, "I will say there's more undervalued gold on the walls of America than there ever was on the bottom of the ocean."

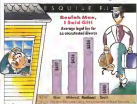
And so does—in light of the apparent widespread unexplained excess runs over time—I and I had to agree. ■

FINANCIAL HOTLINE



A New Annuity

Retirable annuities are newer things. You have a choice of different investments, your money compounds tax-free, and if you use your annuity retirement to start collecting, you'll probably pay the deferred taxes at a lower rate. In the past, though, the money was often more impressive than the company managers who were managing the funds. Recently, firms such as National Life and Western Life have put together annuity investments managed by some of Wall Street's finest. Western Capital in L.A. offers the most attractive ones, a Specialty Managers family of funds with some managers in stocks, bonds, and real estate, among them Zevig Advisors' Marty Zevig. If the experts lose money on your investment and you drop out before the payments kick in, your beneficiaries receive a death benefit equal to the original investment plus a guaranteed rate of return.





THE BUSINESS TRAVELER

Six Wayports, No Waiting

By Glenn Kuchler

DO YOU LIKE visiting new places? How, out of the way places? Now, only out-of-the-way places? Good. Then you'll like wayports. Wayports are the lesser-known airports where they're doing something about the nation's overcrowded airports. In a nutshell, a wayport is a large airport located in a rural, underpopulated "Darkling Region" out of town. To be honest, you wouldn't really go to see these places, because wayports would have fewer inconveniences or time-saving flights to the whole point being to speed up air connecting flights from cities like Chicago, Atlanta, and Dallas, thus reducing crowding at key airports nationwide. Connections now account for an estimated 60 percent of passengers on some airports, and more than

10 percent in Atlanta. Imagine the congestion at Heathrow with three quarters of the people going, and you begin to see the wayport's appeal.

The wayport is generally acknowledged to be the brainchild of Jim Staggett, manager of the FAA's domestic office in Orlando, Florida, and for now it's just an idea—but one that has garnered a lot of industry support in an amazingly short time. "I don't like it because less congestion means more safety. Airports are crowded like it's because less congestion means fewer headaches. Boeing should like it, since airports back from scratch would instantly accommodate the new 747s in place with a wayport so broad that it's not even hard to be situated at several airports. Legions and legions of people in underdeveloped areas like it, because it's not a golden dollar airport

in the opportunity to locate a wayport. Congressman J. Roy Rowland (D-Georgia) has introduced the National Development Act in the House of Representatives. Most of all, considerably, he wouldn't mind seeing one in his district.

How about the airlines? Responses vary. Any carrier with a close-held on a particular hub is bound to be first to see this new airport as an idea that would open up an otherwise remote or congested, but the airlines also have legitimate reasons to be skeptical. They're the ones who'd have to shoulder a good percentage of the costs.

That's not good news for travelers either. Carriers don't like several stands and parking lots help pay the bills at regular intervals. With the vast majority of passengers making connections, wayports would have few or some of these services. They would almost certainly operate as a delta, or less ideally, have would the red ink be offset? A good bet is higher landing fees for the airlines, resulting in higher ticket prices for you. In return for lower fares, you'd get inferior service, and low delay-protect options, at least in theory.

Congressman Staggett's idea could come from the bag (Staggett is not a member of the Airport and Airways Trust Fund, and in fact Congressman Rowland's bill calls for a revolving loan fund for that purpose). The airlines haven't been used for years, have even, because it helps make the deficit look smaller.

All of this begs what I call the Small Quarter Question: One reason the wayport is getting support is that it's in need to expand airports in populated areas. The neighbors don't like the noise, or the ground-level congestion, or the loss of land. Wayports are supposed to avoid those noisy, crowded areas by going to places to place and underpopulated ones that few people there will personally welcome and which are in the backyards. I just hope someone thinks to ask them. ☐

TRAVEL HOTLINE

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Gresham's Law with Wheels

The executive vice president of the International Taxicab Association told the Transportation Research Board's annual meeting that airports would get a better class of cabs if they'd limit the number of cabs allowed at their terminals. Alfred Lefkowitz told the board that long cab lines discourage operators of the better fleets; because they are fixed there elsewhere, they end up abandoning the airports in the days of the taxi industry. Lefkowitz suggested a system that would allow companies to bid for short-term airport rights.

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INSURANCE

Just Say,
It's Covered

THE INSURANCE industry's new "insurance" approach (HMOs, PPOs, and the like) has revolutionized the health-contract business, but it hasn't changed health care all that much. If your poliostrider needs to come out, it comes out the same old way, only now you are likely to have less say about which doctor does the remaining and how long you get to stay in the hospital afterward. (Your health plan may deliver you to an HMO that handles everything, or it may "network" you to choose a network of doctors that contract with your insurer.)

The insurance industry is, however, undergoing a major change in the way one doctor is treated. The doctor is no longer alone, and the change is all so small, imperceptible, considering that one in three American adults is an alcoholic, and that roughly the same percentage is addicted to pills, cocaine, or narcotics.

The human contract by these habits is inescapable, but the economic one is not. In the past five years, the percentage of the country's total health-care expenditures devoted to mental health and substance abuse rose from 8 percent to 10 percent. (These were not 10 percent just last year.)

With increasing concerns, the insurers and the managed-care companies that advise the insurers are pushing their solution to the problem, called variously "intensive outpatient care" or "partial hospitalization." The idea here is that the substance abuser is not required to stay at a hospital or a residential center to get the monkey off his back. The same intensive therapy of counseling and group-therapy sessions can be spaced into the remaining hours of the day after home and work responsibilities have been taken care of. In this manner, the insurers have more than financial expediency on their side.

This past February *The New England Journal of Medicine* published a study suggesting that, all other factors being equal, outpatient care could be at least as effective as inpatient in the treatment of mild to moderate cases of alcoholism. Armed with this and similar studies regarding substance abuse, insurers and managed-care companies have arranged a roll-back menu with hospitals across the country to develop new outpatient programs to which they can then direct their clients.

What does all this policy talk mean to the business executive in New York with a cocaine problem? A few years ago his company might have sent him off (with the insurer's blessing) for an extended 30,000-mile stay at a famous psychiatric hospital like Tuckwell or Bagram. Because the employer's medical insurance premiums were too deductible, Uncle Sam wound up absorbing some of the unnecessary cost. Today our man might go home to a managed care "proctoration" board, which might then direct him to a five-month outpatient program at New York's Wadsworth Institute (not one, but two). Even if he has no medical insurance coverage, he may find that the old status quo (inpatient hospital coverage, your company) is being reversed. Probationary offers many of its policyholders a two-to-one ratio, two days of outpatient care for every one of inpatient care for which he is qualified.

As sensible as these developments may sound, they may also disturb a few people who are secretly looking forward to their twenty-eight days at Betty Ford or Wadsworth. Even though these programs are regarded as bargains in the residential treatment field, to note one you may have to persuade your insurance company that you really must go away. And now you're arrived in Palm Springs or Grosse Pointe, Minnesota, you may discover that the company will pick up only twenty-one days of the bill. That's the price of recovery. **E**

FINANCIAL
HOTLINE

Mouse Wars

Not everyone cares for the mouse, the little plastic bar that you have to push around your desk to move the cursor on your Macintosh. Several years ago the Kensington Company came up with the Turbomouse, which was really just a mouse on its back. Its "trackball" concept. This summer, Microsoft Systems, of Washington, Massachusetts (call 800-694-2600 for information), releases its challenge to the Turbomouse. Tactically called Touché and priced at about \$250, this mouse fits underneath the keyboard space bar. To move the cursor, you simply glide your thumb over Touché's touch-sensitive glass surface.

Ring A Book

Explore columnist Stanley Hing takes the lid off corporate books in *Big Words: Power Talk for Fun and Profit* (Pocket Books, \$6.95). From one conversation to the next, you read it here first. That's the price of company. **E**



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Man Power

A Meeting of Minds

Sven Birkerts

Essayist

Young man of letters, teacher of freshman expository writing at Harvard, master of the literary essay—a form as rare today as the personal letter. “For me, writing isn’t an act of taking on a problem and wrestling it into some sort of solution. The essay is the perfect form.” M.O.: “I write on a typewriter, not a word processor. If you type, you have to keep on retyping. That gives your work a different rhythm, and a second chance at getting right what you want to say. Prose is like living tissue. If you do wholesale transplants, you have to worry about the effect on the whole body.” F.O.V.: Concerned about growing indifference in “media age” to the printed word: People who don’t read sacrifice an inner sense of what life is all about. Interior brooding, pondering for its own sake, is lost. “Think of the brain and the psyche as muscles that can atrophy—and language as barbells that keep them fit.” Required reading: *The Elements of Life: Essays on Modern Poetry*

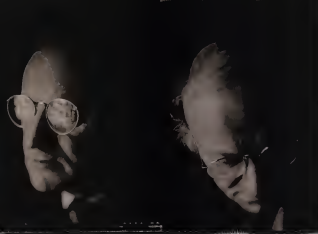


Denis Donoghue

Literary Critic

Irish Catholic intellectual who studied under at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Latin and English in University College, Dublin. Currently the Henry James Professor of Letters at New York University. “Teaching is one of the few things I enjoy without reservation; I have misgivings about everything else I do.” Prefers large classes that include the “old-fashioned center to me.” Example: “Through engagement with others, literature lets us

imagine what it would be like to be different. The worst kind of mind is one interested in ‘going-on,’ it’s important to avoid what is merely close.” Credits the *Sixties* with breaking up “artificial distinctions” between high and low culture. Doesn’t see pop culture as lost of contemporary poetry. “What could we experience from reading the words that Louis Ronsard sang?” Allows that a culture based on television could prove as valid as a culture based on the printed word, but questions: “This is an awkward period for people over forty.”



Joseph Brodsky

Poet

A writer whose poem and passion bridge two cultures, Won Nobel Prize in literature in 1979. Taught poetry at Mount Holyoke College. Believes the audience for poetry is greater today than ever. "In America, there are poetry readings every night in every major city. For poetry and poets, universities play the same role today that Renaissance courts once did in Europe." Oh, duty? "As a poet I'm never off-duty." Reads detective novels,

scientific magazines, classics, novels suggested by friends—"anything that contains information."

"Teaching is the only time I get to talk with others exclusively about matters that interest me most. I especially enjoy being in contact with minds not yet polluted by technology." Growing up in Russia, he fell in love with American blues and gospel, via Billie Holiday and Mahalia Jackson. Moved by the blending of sacred and profane, says it's still his favorite type of music, "as long as it was recorded no later than the 1950s."

Harold Bloom

Literary Critic

The most outspoken literary critic in America. General editor of a multiple series of critical studies, covering all of Western literature and encompassing these in five thousand titles, the most massive literary venture in publishing history. Passions include reading (can read one thousand pages an hour), writing (author of sixteen books), baseball (a Yankee fan), and Ralph Waldo Emerson ("the central and guiding spirit of my inner life"). Believes every English department in America is a "complete disaster," including that of Yale, where as Sterling Professor of Humanities he is a department of one. General remarks: Literary criticism is in the grip of a "persecution age of ideology" on the left, neo-Marxism, deconstructionism, neoconservatism ("a rabblement of language"), on the right, symptomatic of the "national triumph of self-loathing during the Reagan years," the portraits of reaction, among them the "other" Bloom.



VODKA DRINKERS DEFECT TO RUM.

If we flat-out claimed that rum and tonic makes a better drink than vodka and tonic, you'd think we were biased.

Which is why we commissioned a "blind" taste test among vodka and tonic drinkers.

We asked them to choose between the best-selling vodkas and a selection of rums from Puerto Rico. Each was mixed with tonic. (But did that make things truly equal? Quits, after all, was a less familiar taste. There was a tradition.

Yes, fully 47%—almost half—preferred rum and tonic to the fresh and true vodka and tonic.

We assume that's because the rum of Puerto Rico, which are aged by law for one year, have a warmer, more alive character than vodka.

What else could explain such a defection?

2
RUMS
OF
PUERTO
RICO

IN MY HAND IS A BLUE SQUARE of paper, the blue of Gaskieses, and slowly I unfold it once more. I feel the excitement, still. The creases have acquired a memory; opening, they reveal the

HANDWRITING:

Can you meet me for a drink
Relais bar Hotel Plaza
Athens Saturday evening
seven p.m.?

It is signed simply, *Shaw*. Nonetheless, the darkness coming on early, or perhaps December, late in the fall and the year, 1961. The city, as I remember it, is lit a gorgeous phosphoric, every wide avenue, every street. I had never met a writer of distinction. My agent, who was Irish, knew Shaw's agent also, had given him my name, and I was driving to Paris to meet him, coming in from the child provinces by way of the drinking disposal that ran on the map from Champagne up through Troyes, to the very heart.

I had a large, elegant, second-hand car, like any, the shape of anatomy of the front, straining wheel on the wrong side, lost speeds forward and lost in reverse as well, small spinnin' keys like those in a side-deposit before clock. The engine purred, the boulevard blazed with light. I drank the very air, I was entering Paris.

Craving a vast conversation crowded with talk, I suddenly jammed on the brakes and managed to stop in the act of barely knowing—there was no sensation scratched—the glassing rear head of the car ahead, a brand new, as it happened, *Grivas*. The driver kept on clonking in a French more rapid than any I had ever heard, cars were howling their horns and rushing around us, we were trying to find an available door in the shining black flesh. At length police arrived and finally dismissed the case. Half an hour had passed. I arrived at the *Pierre Athene*, took with despair. It was nearer to 5 on than 7 so. I had missed the appointment. The doorman—the car was frequently talked by them in those days—advised me to park in front, and eagerly heaved I entered the Relais. The first thing I saw was a solidly built man standing at the bar in an open trench coat, a copy of *Le Monde* stuffed in one pocket. I recognized him at-

wardly. "That's all right," he said, as I stumbled through an apology, "what are you drinking?" It was unquestionably him. Time with no head thrust has blurred nothing. He was forty-eight that year, and already late for a dinner he was going to on Avenue Foch. He gave me the address—come afterward in the car, he said. A few minutes later, paying the bill, he left. Thus I discovered that Paris. There were worlds still about, I

here, around, but there are also worlds below. I found another Foch—the name I still has only a faint resonance now, the century is ending and into its crypt all such things will vanish, extinction of France as well as unknown galaxies—and I also found the *Relais Lion*, met de Gennin, Place Saint-Sulpice, and apartments and restaurants as well as other towns and regions, not always in Paris, because of him. He was my unknown Yorgi, offhanded in his disquisitions, composed, unobtrusive, kind of divine. Years later I heard him give some advice: never be in awe of anyone. He was not in awe of anyone. He used to cast on his hands.

That first night was for me like the bull *Ferns* Bouary never forgot. Those were fourteen in the dinner party, including a young Perreux, whom in a black silk dress sat astonishingly low. An older man took her aside to say, "I don't know who you came with but you're not going home with him. That's definite." They were eating stories of their, films, the mishaps of producers who refused to share the women he was according to use the ladies' room in a fashionable hotel. He found a case in need. She went in, came out,

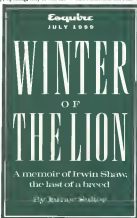
and he paid the bill, fifty pounds.

"The new *Trubertsky*," someone observed.

We drove down the Champs. The air was filled with the hiss of tires, the hiss of wind, the hiss of rain, and the hiss of rain against the coats. I had not remembered, women of nations, present.

I was staying in a small, unknown hotel behind the *Pierre Vendôme*. In the empty morning as I lay there, I was startled by the jarring sound of the phone. It was Irwin Shaw. What was I doing, he asked, did I have any plans? "Come for lunch," he said.

I was overwhelmed. It was so natural, unimagined, and longed for. They were living on Place Vendôme. The building



described him as a lion, blowing into Rome to pick up an Alfa Romeo and give a dinner party.

He never mentioned women, but you had suspicions. It seemed impossible that he got so close to women should not be close to them, and that was also the theme of that last, casual story, "Summer Dream." The great question of this world do not sit on a hillside. It didn't want to ask him. I have no idea what he would have said. "Mary?"

One night a hotel friend was going on about the letter of a, that wonderful life. "Have you ever," she asked him impulsively, "I just wonder, have you ever really loved anyone before?"

He gave a shrug and her, uncertain of her motive.

"Has he what?" someone said.

"I mean it," she insisted. "Have you ever? I don't mean while you were divorced—have you ever loved another woman?"

In the awkward silence, from across the table, Marian said, "To give you the list."

"No, I mean it," she warned said.

"It has to be alphabetical if you like," Marian offered jokingly.

Sometime around 1946 the marriage had begun to break up. Now, it was said, only had the nerve to leave a note on the pillow—he wanted a divorce. Not long afterward she moved out, although at the time it was he who left the house. It was eventually said. Chatter. It was called. Afterward had looked, representing the construction herself, one of the many beautiful houses she made for them. All the stories from this period I heard later, how living with another woman, a blonde who liked books, drinking even more than usual, smoking, friends told me, to the lowest point of his life. He came laughing into the small bar of his favorite hotel in Rome, the Casa Gratianna, carrying his wife, who was on the floor almost having a painful divorce. He was crying. He was so close to his wife, he was so close to his wife. He had supported her all his life, he would. He had paid for this thing and that thing, even for her mother's burial, with these hands, he shouted. It was awful, he was shivering his words.

Everything dissolved, the palace, the cloud-sapped house. He went upstairs. His life there was over, his pain being lower than his life in Rome.

The divorce, to me, was a surprise. It seemed an error of Providence. Whatever his transgressions as love, there was something completely domestic about him. He was married and meant to be. In his world all the central figures were one, Cippi, were married, and family was the only sacred thing. At the same time, remarkably, having lost house, wife, his own foundations, he sat down and began to write, determined to be renewed. But Miss, Pina, Miss, which was sold or refused soon and rendered in a new form. What was taken away with one hand was given back with the other.

NOW WE MUST TURN BACKWARD for a missing thread that has not been woven in, the cause of a long unraveling he began in.

Sometime about 1935 I had made a short film with a friend

named Lane Stern, a man of taste, who lived near me in Rockland County in a kind of shabby but spacious, an expert on painting, a sculptor, and Joyce. It was called *Time Time Time* and was only twelve minutes long. It was about Rockland, and one side of it, sitting in the country, we were dumbfounded to receive the news that it had won a first prize at Venice. Does would open everywhere, we realized. They did not, but after I had gotten to know him I mentioned the film to friends, who later saw it and liked it. He was, at the time, more or less accepted in producing money from his short stories—more, in the French style, was much—and he rapidly suggested that I write and direct the script for another. The story he had in mind, "Then We Were Three," was not outstanding, but I

felt I could make something of it nevertheless. I was lucky, like a swivel-legged bear returning from the meadows, with knowledge, kind of a practical, of time. The European directors, not far into their careers, were the idols of the moment, and I knew that John Huston had been a bit, and was said to have told his secretary when she was typing up the script that Mother Nature in just like the dialogue out of the books, such facts give confidence.

We eventually made the film, *Three*, which though it had admirers and was even liked by several widely noted critics among their top best of the year, turned out to be of negligible interest to the public. There was no one like the critics. We had started with very

good borders of work, I had had his confidence in me to begin to slip, and also soon when, after I left and was near the door, mechanically pouring what remained in other glasses into his own. He was not involved in the actual production. The difficulty, he had said to me at one point, was that I was a lyric writer, a narrative writer. Lyric writing, that is, a word he was uncomfortable with. It seemed to mean something like color.

And so I ignored the day in a year, with plenty of all the joys, and before the pull of all passion moved, he had lunch with his secretary. It was foolish after all these years to be angry with him. The morning left to their being married. They privately shared separate apartments, like Becker and his wife at *Savoy* and *Scissors de Beauvoir*, but finally, at least's convenience, they remained.

I had seen him only once or twice in a long time. One summer afternoon toward the end of the decade he had come across the lawn at a party to my little, and what I was working on, and said, "There was a heavy woman you made." I didn't bother to argue. It would not be long before he lay back his sagging's little.

HE WENT INTO THE HOSPITAL for an aging man's little complaint and the operations had gone wrong—the very gently died of an undetected hemorrhage. The patient, shivering under his blood, and at great pain, lay for weeks in intensive care, hoping to die. It was Maria who saved his life. She remembered something that had been done with his father, and kept after the doctors to do it. Finally they did, they injected a kind of gelatin, and some of it went to the spot and

stopped the leaking.

He was never the same, even a line he recovered. He had lost fifty pounds. There had been pneumonia, kidney failure, other things, other women.

He showed in the door in Scarborough in the fall of 1941, the short and fat two bag, his eyes unacceptably large. It was a beautiful house in steps, deep down into, elegance, flowers. A young woman, his secretary I assumed, was watching *Tramontana* on television. "So, how do you like, Jane?" he greeted me cautiously. "What are you working on?"

He had an artificial leg, a shifter, and back then were bad, less September but he felt cold. In the restaurant—there were only a few people besides us—we talked about Europe. They

were going back soon. He worked well there, always had. He was only twelve years older than I was, but that evening it seemed much more. It felt like Europe—the man, the tranquility, the wide view in front of the restaurant—I thought of Ambler, where we used to go.

I was longing to go to Europe again, I said. It was raining.

"Well, why don't you?" he asked.

"I don't know. Difficulties. I suppose I've created them. But I'd like to go in fairly often, even reading the *Londoner*."

"That's a sad story," he said. "Bitterific book. He wrote it when he was fifty-five and lost it as a publisher. They rejected it. He died before it was published by someone else. Very sad."

"He was amazing there's no alternative," I said.

The waiter interrupted, a young waiter who wanted a cigarette. He placed a blue paper napkin on the table, which I was using.

He couldn't write any more, known said, as if I had had his hand on my head. He didn't have the mental energy, he said. He retired.

The first of many days and days. We would walk as through the huge empty kitchen of the house on the way to restaurants, or there were dinner and many voices at the long banquet table. When I remember it I think of walking for them at the bar, somewhere, at the fall in the Hampton. That was part of the lovely, unexpected. The leaves had turned. The place is warm and soon to be in his presence, the low car passing under, the foot of France.

HE HAD FINALLY MOVED into the front house. Friends were dying, enemies, critics who had once roared him. His life was like a clock of each nearly all played on the table and he was on them, his eye returning to the same once again and again, the remembrance of the long ago, playing in Lowell one cold afternoon, the earth had in crown, the ball on the two yard line, half enemies and them with fire and gold. On defense, he was better. He remembered it with the story of age and a gallant now grown large.

He was also the quarrelsome. They used waiting while he looked the other men over and then stepped into the hallway and told them where they would do. He passed he was still that way. "I suppose" Maria said wryly.

"His trouble," he did look said, "is that he drinks too much." She had a broad, handsome black face. She looked too, everyone did. "Think and search, this's all he does."

We lay in bed drinking, but in a kind of order, concerning the sex, of the happy moments of his life, after the going, a glass out on the stage to cheer after the opening of *Henry the Fourth*. They were not diamonds, they were sapphires, pearls, or opals, only white but in them a shining eye.

He was drinking, he said. He was a writer, but they were breaking the walls. "The never broke the walls." Marian commented. He was hunched. His end was like an old dog's, wry and faded. He was wearing the shirt, and the night of the day. It necessary he was ready to die, but not, except that his mother

was still alive, seventy-one, and he could not die before the day, the small woman filled with dramatic sense who had laughably kept the family alive during the hospital's years. He was living in California. His children saw his but he was undoubtedly attached. His father, he said, had been happy—he had died suddenly, in a matter of seconds, while on a flight home to Europe to New York. They were going to make an emergency landing in London but his mother said, no, go to America. She said and held her husband the union light.

He did not complain, although he hated the fact that would have been in severity when he was in dissolution rather than at forty when he would have been able to enjoy it. This was not really true. In the second half of his life he had known all the mortal concerns of life and remained curiously undisturbed to them. He seemed to pay no little attention to things. He lived both in and beyond London.

When I saw him for the first time after having been away for a few months, he reported that he'd been mediocre, he'd just drunk only once during the month. Only once did he have to be helped home. "I cannot believe," I said, "that you were not looking up things about him, even as an old man, the clean pleasure life, the world of man."

There was a game he liked, that he had once played all the time. It was, Who could get you to cry in the French woods? The winner by Gary Taylor to Eugene about Joe DiMaggio. On that afternoon, in Monte Carlo, Moore had paid off a 1500 stake and come back and said, Joe, how were you? I was surprised to see him there and they were all choosing and clapping, you're never anything like it. Yes, I have, he said. Yes, I thought it was Louis's favorite story by anyone, he used to always quote it. Yes, I have. Three words, and you read.

AND NOW IT IS APRIL and the long campaign is ending. The water was difficult, in and out of the hospital, his lungs filling with liquid, and other problems as his grave. After a third and from Europe—he was in the hospital again, heart trouble, kidney trouble. He was exhausted from the ordeal. His brother was there and some old friends, the Partridge.

I am sorry to see him for the last time. Handled in the morning in May. The father in France were leaving, their papers of insurance, yellow as books, I had a bottle of H&B Brice with me that I was carrying on the off chance we could have a glass of it



There was the man and implication of French life. Huston, Wyler, Marian, John, William Wyler, Stern, in Paris.



Once in a moment she threw away her wedding ring. Next day she saw it on the street. Marian and Stern, July 1938.

This is a fictionalized account based on the death of a workman's child who fell into a river and drowned. It was written in the last months of Ray's life and is, in that proximity, singular of the life he knew he was losing. Read this poem aloud and something else takes hold—Ray's genius for transmuting subtle inflections of emotion, including humor at the saddest moments. For when a sorrow is too relentlessly pursued, we can't help ourselves—we laugh, refreshing ourselves for the hardest truths. The poem's meditation forces reason as far as it will go until it smashes into nonsense, and we're thrown back upon the harmonic noise, talking life into. Story and prose elements are so strong that the boundary between fiction and poetry given way. Poetry? Fiction? Who cares. It's the haunting that matters. —Tara Gallagher

Lemonade

By Raymond Carver



When he came to my house months ago to interview my wife for bookends, Jim Seis didn't look like a man who'd lost his only child to the high waters of the Illinois River. He was bushy-haired, confident, cracking his knuckles, vibrating energy, as we discussed rivers, and bookends, and that odd strain compared to that. But it's a small town, this town, a small world here. Ten months later, after the bookends have been built, delisted, and readied, Jim's father, a Mr. Howard Seis, who is "retiring for his sins," comes to pass our house. He tells me—where I sit, mere one of small men cornered than a cowboy, "How's Jim?"—that his son lost Jim Jr. in the river last spring. Jim blazes himself. "He can't get over it, neither," Mr. Seis adds. "Maybe he's gone on to lose his mind a little too," he adds, peeling on the hill of his Sherman Williams cap.

Jim is tall and stout and warts on his forefinger gnarled with work, dark-haired, his son's body from the river with rings. "They used like a big part of Jordan comes for it, if you can imagine. Attached to a cable. But God always takes the stronger ones, don't he?" Mr. Seis says. "He has his own mysterious purposes." "What do you think about it?" I want to know. "I don't want to think," he says. "He ain't ask or question this way. It's not for us to know. I just know He takes him better now, the little one."

He goes on to tell me Jim Seis's wife took him to dinner forgo associates in Europe as hopes it'd help him get over it. But it didn't. He couldn't. "Miserable unsuccessful!" Howard says. Jim's career down with Parkinson's disease. What name? He's home from Europe now, but still Jim's himself. For reading Jim Jr. look to the car that coming to look for

that Thomas of lemonade. They didn't need any lemonade that day! Look, look, what was he thinking of, Jim Seis has said a hundred—no, a thousand—times now, and to anyone who will still listen. If only he hadn't made lemonade in the first place that morning! What could he have been thinking about? Further, if they hadn't stopped the night before at Salweeny, and if that line of yellow lemons hadn't stood near to where they kept the oranges, apples, grapefruit, and lemons. That's what Jim Seis had really wanted to buy, some oranges and apples, not lemons for lemonade, forget lemons, he heard lemonade at least now he did—but Jim Jr., he liked lemonade, always had. He wanted lemonade.

"Let's look at it this way," Jim Jr. would say, "those lemons had to come from somewhere, didn't they? The Imperial Valley, probably, or else over near Sacramento, they must lemons there, right?" They had to be planted and irrigated and watched over and then picked into sacks by field workers and weighed and then dumped into boxes and shipped by rail or truck to this godforsaken place where a man can't do anything but lose his children! Those boxes would be torn off-loaded from the truck by boys not much older than Jim Jr. himself. Then they had to be uncased and panned all yellow and lemons smelling out of their crates by those boys, and washed and sprayed by some kid who was still living, walking around town, living and working, big as you please. Then they were carried into the store and placed in that big metal that eye-catching sign that said Please You Had Fresh Lemonade Lumpy? As Jim Seis's reckoning went, it looks all the way back in first crates, back to the first lemons cultivated on earth. If those hadn't been any lemons on earth, and then hadn't been any Salweeny store, well, Jim would still have his son, right? And Howard Seis would still have his grandson, sure. You see, there were a lot of people involved

in this tragedy. There were the farmers and the pickers of lemons, the truck drivers, the big Salweeny store—Jim Seis, too, he was ready to assume his share of responsibility, at least. He was too much guilty of it all. But he was still in his own debt. Howard Seis told me. Still, he had to pull out of this somehow and go on. Everybody's heart was broken, right. Even his.

Now long ago Jim Seis's wife got him started in a little wood-carving class here in town. Now he's trying to carve bears and acorns, owls, eagles, sea gulls, anything, but he can't make to any one creature long enough to finish the job, is Mr. Seis's assessment. The trouble is, Howard Seis got on, every time Jim Seis looks up from his lathe, or his carving knife, he sees his son looking out at the water downriver, and things up—things melted on, so to speak—beginning to turn and turn in circles until he was up, way up above the fir trees, wings smoking out of his back, and then the copper coming and wings up, accompanied by the noise and whir-ship of the chopper blades. Jim Jr. passing now over the mountains who lose the back of the river. His arms are stretched out from his sides, and drops of water fly out from him. He passes overhead once more, closer now, and then comes a minute later to be deposited, ever so gently laid down, directly at the feet of his father. A man who, living into everything now—his dead son rise from the meet at the grip of metal postures and turn and turn as a fish flying above the river line—would like nothing more now than to just die. But dying is for the stronger ones. And he remembers conversations, when life was sweet, and sweetly he was given that other lifetime.

Raymond Carver died on August 8, 1988. "Lemonade" appears in *A New Path in the Waterfall* (Atlantic Monthly Press). Carver and Tara Gallagher were married in Reno in June 1983.



Don't let anything come between you and seventh heaven.

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How the Other Half Writes

Okay, okay, they may not be Stendhal or Virginia Woolf. But hey, we're not *The Paris Review*, either. Which isn't to say they don't worry about plot and characters, or lose sleep over, er, narrative momentum. They do—just like writers who don't make any money

Photographs by Gregory Heisler

Jackie Collins

On masculinity: "People think I write big, sexy blockbusters crisscrossed with bad-mouthing women. Actually, I'm a feminist, and if a married man plays around, he gets caught or worse. If people do things, they usually end up in a bad way."

On finding voices: "I guess Hollywood. When was the last time you took for me in America. It wasn't just another book about a fat couple and a heavy woman in Hollywood—it was an exposure of the real power in town. And the real power—in writing who lives here, leaves—in the white."

On literary heroes: "There are no heroes. Henry Miller, Mark Twain, and Harold Pinter. Even today I like to write books."

On pressure: "I usually write from dawn to the morning and from night. I write in bed, and it takes me a year to write one of my books—which are usually a thousand typed manuscripts pages when finished."

On the literary life: "I'm a storyteller. After twenty years and twelve books, all of them still in print, I really don't have to write anymore. I do it because I genuinely love it. And that's the secret of success."



Anne Rice

On the thematic imperative: "Mixed questioning is a world without gods and mortals. Fatherless and motherless, we seek to discover our true brothers and sisters and lovers. We seek to make a paradise with our hands and minds where goodness is possible."

On readers' reactions: "The readers come to love the characters. They come to identify with them and to feel their pain. The readers also respond strongly to my sex themes, violence, and macabre side."

On process: "All day—from six a.m. to just six. And sometimes at night. When I'm writing, I see many possible scenes. My desk is in the bedroom. I can write till 1:00 a.m., then fall into bed."

On literary immortality: "Literary reputation is everything. I want to be read. I want to be valued. That is perhaps the only shot at immortality a human being can have."



Sidney Sheldon

On plot: "In *Days of Angels* I let a child buy the. I received so many letters and telephone, knowing not that when the contract was made, I let the boy live."

On process: "I dictate the first drafts of my books to a secretary. When it's

going well and the characters have life on their, I will even dictate up to fifty pages a day."

On literary influences: "Thomas Wolfe, Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway, George Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, and dozens of other wonderful writers. The style of my novels has been greatly influenced by my lov-

ing writers motion pictures, plays, and television shows. This sort of background has given me a very broad approach to writing."

On immortality: "To me, the act of creating is the most exciting thing in the world. In a sense, every writer is God. What else could be more exciting than that?"



Danielle Steel

On passion: "During the first draft, I work almost without sleeping. There's never enough. I start about 6:00 A.M., go to my desk, and just sit there until I can't sit there anymore. Sometimes things just flood away from me like lava flows. And I grab it [as] apple, a hard-boiled egg, some cookies, some cheese. I work late into the night, finishing at midnight but the book, being only the plot I am writing. It is a heady, exhilarating, euphoric state kind of feeling. I am hooked. I think I talk to myself like a coach. I remind myself how, I get going again. I don't speak to my wife, open mail, or see anyone except my husband and children. They run through my office occasionally, disturb my aesthetic state, give me a hint, comment on how stupid I look, and then leave me to it. I usually stop about 7:00 or 8:00 A.M., sometimes at 10:00 or 11:00, and still have a thinking hot book."

On her major theme: "People. The interaction between people. People's affect on one another; and their relationships with one another, be they emotional or business or family."

On the literary life: "It's an odd life, the literary life of a writer. A life of intense loneliness and sitting, of endless hours chafing along in the ether of the night for my next natural typewritten line there are moments when it all goes well, as if you are doing an elegant chicken dance a grand maneuver... and then there find moments that are terrible, wonderful moments of light and time when everything is perfect you've done it, and it's over."

Tom Clancy

On his place in literature: "Literary reputation—the kind that is not something that literature only after your death. My reputation is with my readers and my peers. You can enjoy that and enjoy life at the same time. Whether or not students find me as their favorite is a beautiful part. Some also is not an immediate response. Finally, I don't think you can write real literature by consciously trying to write and know when to stop writing about it."

On message: "I want to recall that during my school days I was very important. It comes out in my new way to getting my characters in accurately as possible. If I have a convincing theme, it is that the people who serve the country, in uniform and otherwise, are worthy of respect. Beyond that I'll tell back on Robert Frost and instruct the reader to find whatever theme he or she wishes. Who knows? He or she might even be right."

On literary influences: "One of influences. To pick out one or even two would not necessarily be accurate there from whom I have learned and to whose standards I have aspired. Writing isn't like science, where you start with a single great discovery upon which others build. The body of literature is built by many, much as mathematics. We build over generations by constant revision, each of whom can contribute a small but precious."



Evan Hunter/Ed McBain

On process: "I work from noon to 3:00, five days a week. Never at night, never on weekends. It takes between three and four months to write a suspense novel. I like to take a short break—a week or ten days away from my desk—between books."

On literary influences: "Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, Raymond Chandler, Dashiell Hammett, James M. Cain, John Ford. Aside from all of them, I was most strongly influenced by Milton Canale, the brilliant creator of the nerveless comic strip *Terry and the Pirates*."

On his literary legacy: "I think if the *Frank Farmer* series as a long novel about crime and punishment, each book serving as a chapter in that novel. When the series book is finished, I hope I'll be able to show pictures of what it was like to live in those times."

Father Andrew Greeley

On literary aspirations:
"As Henry Ford put it:
When I am dead,
I hope it may be said,
My time was useful
But his books were read."

On his major theme: "The metaphor of human passion revealing God's passion for us. I should note that I do not tell stories to educate, much less to entertain. Rather, I try to fascinate or to illuminate, to create the reader into a world different from his own for a simple reason: to create will create with a sense of new possibilities for life."

On contemporary fiction: "It seems to me that popular novels in our age might serve the same function as seventeenth-century did in the Middle Ages."

On literary gear: "I carry a Toshiba from home when I travel and work on phones and in airports. I use a Compaq laptop with Microsoft Word as a word processor. The computer also serves for data analysis when I've done my sociology's bit."



Read Any Bad Books Lately?

A literary guide to unliterary pleasures

Reported by Lisa Shea

Which writer of popular fiction do you most enjoy reading?

John Hawthorne: Popular fiction? Bay, oh bay. I don't believe in it. I don't approve of it. Jackie Collins? I wouldn't read a book by him. Sidney Shickler? Never heard of him. Elmore Leonard? Never heard of him. Judith Krantz? I've heard of her but haven't read her. Andrew Gault? Never heard of him. Robert Kaufman? Vaguely. James Clavell? Perhaps.

Mary Munick: I think Stephen King is a good storyteller. His characters are wonderful. I started to read him when I was working at Princeton. A student told me I couldn't crack fiction without knowing King's work. A lot of the horror in his books has an existential or psychological or deistic bent to it, it's not about horror directly. His way out is Edgar Allan Poe, but a serious reader and writer can read him and not be befuddled as a literary artist.

Tabitha Wolf: I read Elmore Leonard because I love the way his people talk. I don't think he's a serious writer, but *Bang* is a wonderful portrait of the foibles of a semi-naïve hoodlum's aspirations. Leonard's a great comic, and he would've turned out as if he weren't a great stylist. On his one great hit this way: I'm more pleased by Leonard than anyone else in it. I also like the hard-boiled school of detective writers—Chandler, Hammett, but basically, I wouldn't be the kind of writer I am if I read these writers. I don't want to sound snobbish, but when I pick up a book that begins "Little did he know as he sipped off the teacup..." I just can't go on.



John Updike
Anne Tyler

reading pleasure was in trying to read books that were artistically ambitious, the classic of avant-garde writing. I'm a book crawler, so I read the books that I reread. Reading is only so slow as not for me to go through pages and pages of Sidney Shickler.

Andre Dubois: I read a lot of Elmore Leonard. My roommates work in a bookstore, and whenever there's a new Leonard out, I will have to bring it home quick, in hardcover. His people are alive. It's his great gift: I don't forget his characters. I mean, I get nervous, man. I worry about Leonard's people. I tell them about that co-man in *Bambino*, the one who smokes Kool and drinks beer. I want to worry him.

Tim O'Brien: Of the genre guys, I like John D. MacDonald, who wrote the *Texas McGee* novels.

Elizabeth Hardwick: I read all the time, but I don't read Danielle Steel or Jackie Collins.

Peter Taylor: I'm embarrassed to say I haven't read a one of the really popular writers. I don't know about them. My wife and I read about a line when we're driving. We read *Travels* one and another. I guess I'm highbrow about literature. But I was once more serious when I was younger—I would've read *Travels* then. I was too much of a highbrow for that.

James Alan McPherson: Every year I reread Mike Walton, who wrote popular historical fiction about the Greeks and the Egyptians. That's where my aspirations begin, by reading popular books like *Amos Adams*, by Henry Adams. I picked it out of a drugstore rack because it had such a colorful cover. Underneath, I read popular books because they put me into a larger world. It was that drugstore rack in Savannah that got me going.

William Kennedy: I mostly can't read any popular fiction. I read Ian Fleming once and found that I couldn't read more than a few pages. If the language isn't there, I'm turned off instantly.

Terry McMillen: I used to read Harold Robbins, years and years ago when I needed the money. Then publishing. All the writers are the same. And then the nightmare came out on TV and replaced that kind of reading for me. And I did read some more novels once, for about a month. I also read Judith Krantz's *Scorpions*. It was back when I was working on my first novel and I read the first twenty pages of her book and wrote down all of her adjectives.



William Kennedy
Tim Fleming

and adjectives and put them in a book. That's all I needed for life.

Gynthia Olick: I'll give you a very simple answer: I've not read anything by contemporary writers.

Elise Gault: The last pulp book that I read was Scott Turow's *Presumed Innocent*, but because of my background as a writer, I knew right away who the murderer was. Danielle Steel was my teacher in a high school creative-writing class. She had only published one book then, which I read. I was fifteen. I promise that if Reagan writes his memoirs, I'll read them, and they will be worth. Before that, he's publishing his collected speeches, and that will certainly be worth. That will be my pulp reading for the twenty-first century.

Richard Price: There's a series of Swedish mysteries by a hard-boiled writer team. The Martin Beck mysteries by Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö. They're hard to find in bookstores and have the life of a homicide squad headed by Detective Martin Beck. What they really are, are Martin-Beck-mysteries-police-procedure stories, almost like *Lawman*, you don't even remember a crime like

been committed by the time you get to the end. With each book, Beck gets fatter and more depressed. They're oddball, border-line-pulp books, what I call wonderful bummer. I mean, think of it, a Martin-Beck in Sweden? I thought the Swedes were monochromatic.

Joseph Heller: Joseph Heller did what she did very well. And Danielle Steel does what she does very well. But I don't read them.

Jayne Corti Oakes: I think P. D. James is particularly wonderful because of her insistence to detail. She's ambitious. She takes you inside a real world. She's especially good at long introspective passages. Ruth Rendell is also very good. Her work is more tightly constructed, leaner, more dramatic.

Leonard Michaels: Other than Elmore Leonard, who I think is a terrific writer—he has a problem with sex, there's something paranoid, bleak, a way to say that that's so self-conscious and menacing—Walter Tena is the only popular-fiction writer I've read. He wrote *The Hunter* and *The Color of Money*. When he writes about chess or shooting, he really does such a good job of the details that you come away with a kind of knowledge of the intricacies of the subject.

Lee K. Abbott: There is a richness in John Le Carré's people that is missing. He has great insight, knowledge. With Le Carré, the plot is never advanced at the expense of the characters. Another writer I enjoy is Thomas Harris, who wrote *Hush* and *Red Dragon*, which was made into the movie *Manhunter*. *Red Dragon* is the scariest novel I've ever read. I stayed up the whole night making it, and I stayed reading the pages. I also like Terry McMillen, who writes detective novels, sort of *Swedish-style* investigations. And of course there's *The Foreman Always Rings Twice*, by James M. Cain, which has my favorite line of all time as it: "The looked so good I wanted to hit her with a hammer."

Francine Prose: I would love to teach *The Godfather*, by Mario Puzo, because it's so well constructed. The others by him are impossible to read, but in *The Godfather* every character is interesting. I mean, it's solid, but with energy. My real love was reading a nonfiction murder book. Like the one by Drew Keston about the girl on Long Island who had her father murdered. Or *Serpentine*, by Thomas Thompson, about the Italian boy who murdered it's like watching TV.

Dick Johnson: The popular-fiction writer I read the most is Eric Ambler. He gives you



Tom O'Brien
John D. MacDonald

atmosphere without sounding like he researched everything. I think he makes a lot of stuff up. I started reading him as a graduate student, when we were all interested in being serious. We read all novels in the first, one I read those with help books. As I'm reading, I pretend I'm doing all the things they tell you to do, like crossing your arms, that's really my chief form of escape reading, which you could imagine into the category of pulp fiction. I do, because I am never able to read like to do any of the things they say. I think the first I read was *Four Score and Seven*, by Wayne Dyer. At first I was a screw, but after I read it I felt much better. But it didn't help. So I had to read another one...

Jay McInerney: There's one serious-fiction writer I like. His name is William Gibson and he writes post-apocalyptic books. He's a good stylist, not a monster. He's actually a good writer on metaphors for the way computers are related to our lives. **B**



Oh My God, What's This?

Once every so often a thing so appallingly ugly appears that one is forced to name and face it, for evil takes strength in concealment. Rumors of the existence of the despicable object shown here first circulated throughout California, where it was said (but the New York publishing establishment used the shameful fame tree to denigrate authors' advances, advertising and publicity budgets, and the occupants of grants and prizes. The rumors were discounted in typical West Coast literary paranoia until a blurry photograph began to make the rounds. That turned out to be a Polaroid sneakily taken of the original tree, which is said to be installed in the back closet of a small public-relations consulting firm on lower Madison Avenue. Close analysis of the photograph reveals that each author's name is scrawled on a small yellow Post-it. Apparently—and this is abhorrent to speculate about—the practice is to move the author up or down the tree as his reputation waxes or wanes. Although the written listers are "literary," the tree-making seems to bear little relation to actual literary merit but to depend more or less on how "well known" a given author is. It is marginarian run amok. No decent writer would want his name to be on the tree, but then again, no writer would want to be off it either. Our hope is that, like Desecals when exposed to the sunlight, the tree will now die.

Sweetheart of the Song Tra Bong

Fiction

Sometimes a girl has to choose between marriage and a nice little jungle war

By Tim O'Brien

Illustrations by James McMillan

V IETNAM WAS FULL of strange stories, some improbable, some well beyond that, but the stories that will last forever are those that swirl back and forth across the border between bedtime and trivia, the mad and the mundane. This one

keeps returning to me. I heard it from Rat Kiley, who swore up and down to its truth, although in the end, I'll admit, that doesn't amount to much of a warranty. Among the men in Alpha Company, Rat had a reputation for exaggeration and overstatement, a compulsion to rev up the facts, and for most of us it was normal procedure to discount 40 or 50 percent of anything he had to say. If Rat told you, for example, that he'd slept with four girls one night, you could figure it was about a girl and a half. It wasn't a question of desire: just the appetite he wanted to heat up the truth, to make it burn so hot that you would feel exactly what he felt. For Rat Kiley, if there, facts were formed by sensation, not the other way around, and when you listened to one of his stories, you'd find yourself following rapid calculations in your head, subtracting superlatives, figuring the square root of an absolute and then multiplying by maybe.

Well, with this particular story, Rat never looked down. He claimed to have witnessed it with his own eyes, and I remember

how upset he became one morning when Mitchell Sanders challenged him on the basic premise.

"It can't happen," Sanders said. "Nobody steps his honey over to Nam. It doesn't ring true. I mean, you just can't import your own personal pornography."

Rat shook his head. "I saw it, man, I was right there. This guy did it."

"His girlfriend?"

"Straight up. It's a fact." Rat's voice softened a little. He paused and looked at his hands. "Listen, the guy sends her the money. From her coat. This one blonde—just a kid, just barely out of high school—the shows up with a suitcase and one of those plastic cosmetic bags. Comes right up to the barracks. I swear to God, man, she's got an address. White envelope and she says pink envelope. There she is."

I remember Mitchell Sanders folding his arms. He looked over at me for a second, not quite grinning, not saying a word, but I could read the amusement in his eyes.

Rat saw it, too.

"No lie," he muttered. "Colonel."

WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED in-country, before joining Alpha Company, Rat had been assigned to a small medical detachment up in the mountains west of Chu Lai, near the village of Tin Bong, where, along with eight other enlisted men he ran an aid station that provided basic emergency and trauma care. Casualties were flown in by helicopter, stabilized, then shipped out to hospitals in Chu Lai or Da Nang. It was gay work, Rat said, less predictable. Amputations, mostly—legs and feet. The area was heavily mined, thick with boobytraps (barbed wire and homemade booby traps). Rat's main job, though, it was what duty, and Rat counted himself lucky. There was plenty of cold beer, there was a day, a day, a rest over his head. No bumping at all. No efforts, either. You could let your hair grow, he said, and you didn't have to polish your boots or straighten your gut or put up with the usual rear-view-mirror nonsense. The highest ranking NCO was an E-1 named Eddie Darmstad, whose pleasure ran from dope to Darwin, and except for a run field inspection there was no such thing as military discipline.

As Rat described it, the compound was situated at the top of a flat, eroded hill along the northern outskirts of Tin Bong. As



one end was a small dim hallway, at the other end, in a rough warehouse, the main hall and medical hooches overlooked a river called the Song Tra Bong. Surrounding the place were tangled mounds of ammunition, with bunkers and reinforced firing positions at suggested intervals, and basic security was provided by a mixed unit of RVN, RF, and ARVN soldiers. Which is to say virtually no security at all. As soldiers, the ARVNs were useless, the RFs and RVs were caught between. And not even the desert troops the place would have

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seen the country was up in thick mists of hell-demons, triple-canopied jagals, monstrous unfolding tent higher mortars, cruises and gorges and fast-moving rivers and mudslides and volcanic barfies and steep cliffs and rocky lava borders and great valleys of lawns and elephant grass. Originally, in the early 1940s, the place had been set up as a Special Forces outpost, and when Rat Foley arrived nearly a decade later, a squad of six Green Berets still used the compound as a base of operations. The Greenies were not social animals. Japanese, Rat said, lost, lost, lost. They had their own beach as the edge of the perimeter, forklift work sundries and a metal fence, and except for the bare necessities, they avoided contact with the medical detachment. Secretive and suspicious, honest by nature, the six Greenies would sometimes vanish for days at a time, or even weeks. One day in the night they would just be mysteriously reappear, moving like shadows through the moonlight, living in slits from the dense trees forest all the way. Among the medics there were jokes about this, but no one asked questions.

While the outpost was isolated and vulnerable, Rat said, he always felt a tenuous sense of safety there. Nothing much ever happened. The place was acutely monitored, never taken under fire, and the war seemed to be somewhere far away. On occasion, when casualties came in, there were quick spurts of activity, but otherwise the days flowed by without incident, a smooth and peaceful time. Most mornings were spent on the wildcat court in the back of the main building for the kids, leaving away the long afternoon, and after midnight there were movies and card games and sometimes all-night drinking sessions.

It was during one of those late nights that Eddie Diamond less brought up the troubling possibility. It was an offhand comment. A joke, really. What they should do, Eddie said, was pool some books and bring in a few maintenance men to help, pool things up, and after a moment one of the boys laughed and said, "Our own little EM club," and somebody else said, "Yes, yeah, we play our own, don't we?" It was nothing serious, just passing time, playing with the possibilities, and so for a while they tossed the idea around, how you could secretly get away with it, no one can say anything, nobody can drop down, then they dropped the subject and moved on to cars and baseball.

Later in the night, though, a young medic named Mark Fosse kept coming back to the subject.

"Look, if you think about it," he said, "it's not that crazy. You could actually do it. I mean, what's the problem?"

Rat shrugged. "Nothing much. A war."

"Well, see, that's the thing," Mark Fosse said. "No war here. You could really do it. A pair of solid brass balls, that's all you'd need."

There was some laughter, and Eddie Diamond told him he'd just sit up close to his dick, but Fosse went forward and looked at the ceiling like a while and then went off to write a letter.

Six weeks later his girlfriend showed up.

The way Rat told it, she came in by helicopter along with the daily company shipment out of Chu Lai. A tall, big-boned blonde. At first, Rat said, she was seventeen years old, fresh out of Cleveland. Her hair was longer. High. She had long white legs and blue eyes and a complexion like strawberry ice cream. Very friendly too.

At the hospital that morning, Mark Fosse grooved and put his arm around her and said, "Gee, this is Mary Anne."

The girl seemed calm and somehow lost, but the smile.

There was a heavy silence. Eddie Diamond, the ranking NCO, made a small motion with his hand, and some of the others murmured a word or two, then they watched Mark Fosse pick up her suitcase and lead her by the arm down to the hooches. For a long while the area went quiet.

"That looks," somebody finally said.

At evening show Mark Fosse explained how he'd set it up. It was expensive, he admitted, and the logistics were complicated, but it wasn't like going to the moon. Cleveland to Los Angeles, L.A. to Bangkok, Bangkok to Saigon. He'd happened a C-130 up to Chu Lai and stayed overnight at the USAF, and the next morning looked a ride west

with the company chopper.

"A catch," Fosse said, and passed down at his pretty girlfriend. "There is, you just have to move it enough."

Mary Anne Bell and Mark Fosse had been classmates since grammar school. From the week grade on they had known for a fact that someday they would be married, and live in a fine neighborhood home near Lake Erie, and have three healthy yellow-haired children, and grow old together, and so clearly do as each other's arms had been in the same uniform colors. That was the plan. They were very much in love, full of dreams, and in the ordinary flow of that love the whole scenario might well have come true.

On the first night, they sat up beside in one of the hooches along the perimeter, next to the Special Forces booth, not over the next two weeks they stuck together like a pair of high school sweethearts. It was almost disgusting, Rat said, the way they moored over each other. Always holding hands, always laughing even when privacy jokes. All they needed, he said, were a couple of matching costumes. But since the medics there was some envy. It was Vietnam, after all, and Mary Anne Bell was an attractive girl. Too blond in the shoulders, maybe, but she had terrific legs, a bubbly personality, a happy smile. The men generally liked her. One of the soldiers' cousin the war came off like green and a black sunset top, which the guys appreciated, and in the evenings she liked to dance to music from Karl's portable tape deck. There was a novelty to it, the way

Tim O'Brien is the author of Going After Cacciato. His new book, a hybrid of fiction and nonfiction, will be published by Doubleday/McGraw-Hill/Seymour Lawrence.



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The Writers of Wrong

A novelist carves the critics

By Jay McInerney

Sed quae
custodiet apus
Custodes?
—Juvenal

YOU'D THINK they would be embarrassed after a while, these guardians of the culture, these anglophiles in their tweed gatekeeper's outfits, flailing their canes in the dark, whacking the shit out of a laurel bush where they thought they spotted a suspicious character—some snot-nosed kid in black leather or Italian linen trying to climb over the wall surrounding the American Literature Campus. Don't their arms get tired? Leaves flying everywhere—*whap whap whap*, I got him, I hit him, he won't be back in a hurry, the little bastard, let him run bleeding back to his filthy friends in the East Village or West Hollywood. Critic's elbow, anyone? By day, they grudgingly

watch the new crop of matriculants in appropriate garb from Iowa City and New Haven file into the hallowed halls, greeting them with manly handshake, while later, back in the gatekeeper's lodge, they grumble that it's just not like the old days, when men were men and girls were poets: remember Ernie, a great athlete, that boy, and young Bill Syron—you didn't catch him listening to rock 'n' roll music in study hall or sneaking into the pages of glossy magazines after curfew. Click clack click.

There are a few poets, of course, some of them snitches and apple-polishers, some criminally dull and hence not threatening, one or two actual talents who pretended during their interviews to be daffodil and polite. "I love Proust, sir, and I live in New England with my dog, Matthew Arnold." For these, a hearty rah rah rah. Few of them are under forty, though. For the gatekeepers, youth is evidence of immaturity or bad taste.

Of course, youth-bashing isn't really a new phenomenon. But that should make it all the more embarrassing; presumably, the tradition-loving critics—the venerable order of beaurechooidal gatekeepers—read their putative anagrams.

Name this luner *We have been, I begin slowly to understand, living through a revolution in taste, a radical transformation of the widest American literary audience...to one in which adolescents make up the majority. Controlling the market (it*



It's July

Did you get to the part about the burgers and bare feet?



There it is. The height of the season. Summer with a capital S. And hopefully, you're right there in the middle of it with your shoes off and your feet up. Looking two shades darker than last week. And sounding like a much nicer person on the phone.

But if, for some workaholic reason, you have not yet released your feet from their penny loafers and had a taste of a burger grilled outdoors, please do so. There's nothing like a juicy steak, a cold drink, and spaced messages to restore your sanity. But hurry. Before all the shady spots on the lawn are taken.



1. Run through the sprinkler. You can always make it look like an accident.

2. Stuff a sarong with a ludicrous amount of garlic and grill it. How-it's at #25.

3. Have a dinner 4th of July. Put a picnic basket with meat, beef sandwiches and chocolate cake. Climb to the top of a grocery store and wait for fireworks.

4. Blow on candles and make them feel needed.

5. Grill burgers with herbs and mozzarella. Find details at #15.

6. Plant stonies. You don't need a sun.

7. Save steak bones for your favorite dog. (Posters take special notice.)

8. Sleep outside at least one night. Choose shade lounge, hammock or tent.



9. Top a steak with salsa and imagine your patio umbrella is a palm tree.

10. Also bring the potato salad. See Beef and Potato Salad from Number 25.

11. Go to state fairs, county fairs, anywhere you can wear a cheeseburger hat.



12. Have your own sliced of your own tomatoes on hot, juicy hamburgers, with salsa toppings.

13. Bake steak with Sweet Hot Mustard Glaze. (Yes, #25 again.) And don't let someone by scratching a piece.



14. Share some ice cream with your cat. Wear a baseball hat, grill burgers and listen to a game on an old radio.

15. This is That Beef Salad (see Number 25) and smile at your waitress. Very smugly.



16. Get to know someone with a boat. Support a whole beef tenderloin rubbed with lemon and rosemary grilled rare. On an island.

17. Mince a flank steak in red wine and sesame oil and go around all day knowing that it's writing.

18. Go primitive. Make a fire on a beach and roast hot dogs on sticks (all beef hot dogs, of course).

19. Identify some constellations while cooking Peppery T-bones and Chit Corn. (Number 25.)

20. Carry a couple of beef kabobs out to play.

21. Make a careful study of ransgate vs. hickory vs. cherrywood. Use a strip steak as your constant.

22. Consider bare feet, bare shoulders and bare legs in various assortments.

23. Buy a balloon. Find a spot and just let go.

24. Smile at your butcher and ask for the Great Grilled Beef back. Or send this coupon plus \$9 postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Send to: Beef Industry Council
414 North Michigan Avenue
Dept. 2800, Chicago, IL 60611



Beef. Real Food For Real People.

life. Levitt broke his contract with the hard-core gatekeepers in his novel. The Last Language of Chance, which contained some pretty heavy sex—and stumbled much. (Ethan Coen has since taken the work removed for the kid who smokes as if he were much older.)

Levitt's model for gay love was an easy one for straight-to-hand—suburban masculinity. And his model for the new literature, found in a chubby essay he wrote for the Times Book Review, was down stories about the suburban family, a mode that has subsequently become virtually the monolith of the Eighties. (The writers—Amy Hempel, Ming Wallace, Peter Cameron, Randolph Tufts—were Levitt's friends.) Suburban upbringing are common to many college-educated kids raised in the Sixties and Seventies, but some of us find us none as we could. It's a little scary to see so many young writers idealize the land of brown lawns and station wagons.

KAYMOND CARVER and Jim Boyce are literary godfathers and godmothers of the larger band of young writers of the Eighties—the deadpan domestic realists. While both in some extent despised the critical truffle, their influence has been much deeper, millions of words have been fired at a stone man called minimalism. Carver's career as a story writer and prose stylist had several distinct phases, only his second influence, *What We Talk About When We Talk About Love*, can really be called minimalism—a conscious attempt to leave almost everything out. (Among the descendants, I would be tempted to call the admirable Amy Hempel a minimalist.) These writers did seem stopped down and became after the opening novels of the Sixties and early Seventies, their concerns narrowly domestic after the political and apocalyptic ravens of immediate predecessors like Frutkin, Gaddis, Barth, and Vonnegut. They seemed softer and more to the institutionalists, who were all wrapped up in epistemology, the status of storytelling and fictional dis-

course, how to go on.

It took time to write the way Carver and Boyce have written, though it isn't. But these models are easier to learn and reach than Ginzburg's *Swamp*. The Carver-Beyce influence, inspired by Mary Robison, Tobias Wolff, Joe Williams, and Richard Ford) swept through the graduate schools in recent years, providing models of serene plainness, craftsmanship and psychological depth at the last, and affecting a genuine reassessment of minimalism as the short story among writers and readers.

The gatekeepers were confused at first (see James Alan McSweeney Carver in the January issue of *Albion*), but by the mid-Eighties were ready to accept work that assembled the cutting edge ten years back, perforce, if, like much of the new deadpan domestic realism, it didn't dwell on sex, misadventure, or do hard drugs before supper. But the advice from the landman talks to the backyard and back again is fairly well covered by my presence at this point, and one hopes the next-generation of the Eighties will move beyond the realm of the nuclear family and relationships—of living in one's own private hell.

FOR INSPIRATION,

think of us who have much to learn might look no further than the literature from the Seventies that deserves attention, a wide-screen fiction that knows an entire society and is even now finding readers and readers, thanks in some measure to the publishing resurgence of the Eighties. A handful of others refused to concede the field to minimalism, realism, and rock 'n' roll, reducing a new generation of readers back into the bookstores with a combination of serious production (which that seemed to actually be also at the late twentieth century), and yes, subtle psychology and marketing. In and behind, readers have discovered not only the new literature produced by newly called barbarians, but also some fiction that had been sitting around out of print or unread for ten or fifteen years.

An anomaly among American novelists who emerged in the Seventies, the young Robert Stone has long enjoyed a substantial readership, as well as critical acclaim. John Irving enjoyed the latter first, then a staggering amount of the former, as which point the gatekeepers periodically nipped the hell out of his belly. Don DeLillo and Thomas McGuane found a new readership, along with the youngsters. Frederick Exley has remained mostly a useful addition to his colleagues. To these add John D'Alton and Homer Thompson, and you have a serious reexamination of recent American fiction that engages the structural issues of our alleged culture and politics—something very different from the domestic realism discussed above.

Thompson and McGuane know all about the scene of the gatekeepers, while others escaped criticism partly by being understood. Reading their gay novels in the Seventies was like discovering a new dog you thought no one else knew.

If there's a general problem with my g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g-g, I think—concern the gatekeepers, who have also, like-staying women about rapidly increasing families in Baltimore and Boston—it is too lacking politeness, even focused on the psychology of individual, when we live in a time of extreme social pathology. If we look back on what we all accept as the great literature of the past, much of it is the stuff that really posed off the culture politics of the era. Dostoevsky and Flaubert were concerned, Flaubert, Joyce, and Burroughs prosecuted. But not about. Flaubert and Melville were ignored. Melville had a book of a time going. The Deer Park published.

Here's a thought: we must be doing something right—somebody's passed all that, clearly, we have to try harder, using boys and girls. We need more in the way of your experience and fictional evidence. It's possible none of us will be read in fifty years, even if anyone's still around to read. But when the real marketplace is taken into a bookstore in your town, don't expect the reviewers to understand it or hear their drums in prison. You may have to discover it on your own.

What's that sound? At my back I always hear that obvious sound—what's up with—these the campaign in the sticks, where pale gods finally permit the permission, clatching cases in one hand and in the other the yellowing college syllabus pages of the "Classics of the Modernist," the current equivalent of Amy Vanderbilt's rules of etiquette. Someone should tell them to check the library—hold the volumes have been stolen and the clerks are building another campaign down the road, closer to town. ■

The novelist is not obliged to provide us with clean entertainment. This is an age that deserves an image of its accelerated grime. And stuffy indignation surely isn't going to help your daughter just say no to drugs, or to the sex-killer next door.

MONDO di Marco

MONDO di Marco



Lake Fifth Avenue

DEFENDS TITLE WITH KO
Friends had raised the news pugilist, even if he is the richest fighter in history. Wife not

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Friends had raised
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Lawyers for both
sides declined to dis-
cuss details of the
settlement.

estate
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N.Y.

10/10/2010

SECRET SIRS

Yellow Stars of Utah

By Walter Kline

Yellow Stars of Utah

By Walter Kim

ELDER JOHANNSSEN became our bishop when Elder Rivers, our old bishop, left.

Sunday and calm down the congregation. He waved the leading-lady book back in the air and said as there was nothing on my mind. He handed the book to a deacon, who passed it along the pews. Because people trusted my father—a lawyer and a CPA—none of the brothers or sisters opened the book to check things for themselves. My father stood there silently until the book was back in his hands, then he offered a crisp 1½-minute prayer and sat back down.

New Voices from Out There

Reader

When Elder Rivera's last postcard arrived a week or two later, the men were free to elect a new leader. It came as a surprise to the whole crew, but it was one of the only people who read the card before my father drove it back to take it along to Elder Rosen's encampments. The card had a stamp from the Philippines and showed a flock of birds with bright pink feathers landing on a bar. The message was cheerful. "I, the Rivers had found a new wife, the daughter of someone he had known in World War II, and was planning on starting a big Catholic family. He promised to send along more cards whenever he had news."

These cards went straight to Salt Lake, though. Only the highest Mormons ever use them.

Not everyone at church agreed that Elder Johnson was the right choice for bishop. I heard some talk in the halls about his motorcycle, questioning if it was necessary. But when it came time for the congregation to second his appointment, everybody's hands went up at once. Some people even stood, especially some women. After the kindergarten play he coached on the church lawn.

I was one of those players. I knew Elder Johansson well. He'd taught me how to set and shoot, he'd taught me how to find and create an angle.

Like most big men, Elder Jahnsson was slow on the books, though he had known gear had a good excuse. At Righetta Young University, when he'd been young and healthy, nobody on the court could touch Elder Jahnsson, and he had the players and trophies to prove it. Even so, he bounced sometimes, but never for long and only after practice. He brought it to us when he was driving at home, when he was tired and couldn't help it. You knew he was used when he rubbed his knees. Sometimes he took prescription pain pills and didn't store so well.

While Elder Rivers had been our bishop, I'd never said a word about my problem. Once every couple of months, his or another Mormon, I went to any local bishopric to talk about my tale. The meetings were face-to-face, no screen between us like the Catholics had, and they usually started out with small talk: what we thought of certain leaders or bishops.

how I feel my mother's job. If Bishop Rivers was mothered, though, he'd move right away to the list of questions that every Mormon bishop had to ask. The first question was always the same: "Have you committed murder?"

No.

That was the easy one. The next five questions were not so easy. But when Bishop Rivers gave you the answers—the ones that you wouldn't be there if you'd done them—and down to the smaller personal matters, like had you drunk any Coke or beer, or had you looked at a girl with lust, there got very uncomfortable. The fact was, Bishop Rivers knew you had done these things, you yourself knew you'd done these, and on top of that, you knew he'd done them. He would spend through the questions keeping his head down, and you could tell that he would all too well by how he didn't leave you any time for the ones, which would have needed long explanations.

Bishop Johansson did things differently, though. He read through the list, not even looking, but he let the smaller questions do only that, his head, hanging, long stare.

"Now, Karl, have you murdered?"

The clock on his wall of trophies ticked and ticked. Outside the window, not in the house, a baby was being born every second. I noticed that in the air.

"Yes," I said.

His next question was, "How often?"

That night there were more reports from the way he was on the bed enough to follow up with, "How often?" Bishop Rivers would have let it go, but he would have pretended I'd done it just once. That it was possible to do it just once.

Bishop Johansson asked again, "How many times, Karl?"

I said yes. The number that came from my mouth amazed me. Not only was it a high number, it was exact.

Maybe I'd never confessed to my sin, but somehow I'd all ways been sure to count them.

"Well, can it stop," Bishop Johansson said. "Just cut the whole thing out."

I looked him in the eye, "I will."

But that didn't work, and two months later I was back in there, giving another specific number. And that's what Bishop Johansson and I really got down to business. That's when he let his hands on my hand, blotted me, and put me in his speed roomed program.

THE DAY MY MOTHER CAUGHT ME MURDERING I was standing in the living room, thinking that I was alone in the house. An ad for Radio's electric music had just come on the radio. The announcer said the music below doors. He used them over and over. The next thing I knew my pants were down and I was in my face. I finished it and for a minute, I panted, and I pulled, and just when I almost had it, had my orgasm, I looked to the side and saw my mother staring in through the power window. She had on her gardening clothes and held a note.

I ripped myself up, sat down on the couch, and waited for her to come inside, stand in front of me, and look down. I read some different promises for my legs—kicked out straight and sometimes down, crossed and uncrossed—hoping to find the right one, the one that would make me look like a

Walter Kline grew up in a former Shaker, Minnesota. That's the first publication in a national magazine.

boy just sitting there on a couch. There had to be a right position, because there was a light every day.

My mother never came in, so she left me in her garden for hours, waiting.

A couple days later, my father said at dinner: "I bet you have a private life now, Karl. Well, good luck with it."

My mother looked him up. "Good luck."

I had never wanted a private life. I had never asked for one. But that is what my parents gave me that night, and it didn't

had never said a word about my problem, though like other Mormons, I would go in to talk about my sins.

take long for me to realize that a private life in the world's terms is a sin.

My parents must have already known that.

My father bought a security chain and looked at it inside my bedroom door, which I had left open after a week to let in light from the hallway. He told me to keep the door shut from now on. He gave me sixty dollars from his wallet, three new sweaters, and told me to spend them on things for my room. But whatever you want, he said—a record player, dirty books, posters of French women, whatever. If you like something, go ahead and buy it, but just don't think twice. This is your room now.

He backed out the door, shaking my hand. He turned away and I closed myself in.

I didn't have to buy new things. My room slowly changed on its own. After I finished my homework each night, I lay on my bed with my pants around my waist, rubbing my chest with my first hand, and watched the changes happen around me. My skin while you see some one of it, then I'd come and called up my sin in my bed in a second, crying out. A door shut in the corner of the floor began to trap that, which attracted a spider. My desk lamp came unglued and stayed that way. My World Book Encyclopedia got out of alphabetical order.

Finally, I got to bed and I thought a phone with the number I couldn't talk to my Mormon friends because their hands had rules about phone use, or I'd been in order for strange power and had them sent to hospital and school. I phoned up schools and hospitals and asked them if they'd ordered pants. And always when I manufactured, I thought of two things: before I was in the church, when I passed out the sacrament trays with Billy Gages.

DURING OUR SECOND MEETING, after he had his hands on my hand to give me his Midevangelical blessing, Bishop Johansson went back to his desk and read me a list of personal tips for using masturbation. The tips came out of a paperback book. I'd heard them all before. Keep your hands above your bladder, wear two pairs of underwear, wear long shorts on the toilet.

Bishop Johansson closed the book and looked for a moment at the back cover. The title I read on the book was: *Nature's Blessings to You as You Doubt*. Bishop Johansson looked his way and wiped the book under the door, into the trash can.

The book was a show-off move, I found out later. Gary Gages, who came in after me, told me that Bishop Johansson read the book to show his leg.

"Those techniques don't work," Bishop Johansson said.

"Chance are, you've already tried these."

I nodded. I'd thought of trying them.

Bishop Johansson took back on his chair. He spread his desk drawer against his stomach. His hand rubbed around in the drawer for a moment. He took out a yellow rubber marker.

He pointed the marker across his desk at me.

"Two things I want you to do, Karl. I want you to buy a large black sheet of paper, poster size, and every time you have a sin, report it. I'll be sure to see that special page to make a little X on the paper. Okay?"

I nodded. "Yes," I said. "You mean I shouldn't go to sleep?"

"Try this idea of mine and you'll see," Bishop Johansson said. "I'm having all my players do it, the whole team. This pen is invisible ink, see—it only shows up with black light. I'm giving you a pen to mark to mark your sins, and then I'll collect them and post them in the locker room. I'll call a special team meeting then, come in a big black ball, and watch on it. We'll count the yellow X's together. We'll get a chance to see what's what. No help?"

"But I'd do it," I said, "then I won't have to make my marks, right?"

"You can't stop," Bishop Johansson said firmly. "Don't even try. That's your pen. If you think you can do that alone, fine. If you can't, you'll have to go to sleep with your head under the sheet."

He stood up from his chair, and I saw his knees pop. When I stood up with him and wanted to leave, I looked in his open desk drawer and saw a whole corner of yellow markers.

PREPARATION BASKETBALL PRACTICE STARTED that Tuesday night. We received upon the boxes of new shoes and jerseys and reported about which uniforms we wanted. Conversations even the summer had given us these new players to replace the guys from last year who'd gone away on foreign missions. The new guys got their pick of the numbers, the opposite of how it was on school teams. We treated ourselves well in our world. We wanted them to feel our loss.

Coming home, I rode to Bishop Johansson's house along with Mark and Gary and one of the converts, Kelly, a Mission. Bishop Johansson was in his study, a study part of the study that he couldn't give me directions to—the ride was a long one. Once we'd finished our ride, Bishop Johansson gave a short speech on what he thought our chance was that we were—no, not that—but from then on, until I got out of the car, no one talked or looked at each other, though there'd be all sorts of looks.

Maybe Bishop Johansson had his own gift, Bishop Johansson seemed my terror. He came out and looked at me when he'd done—I was just getting ready to sit down—when he drove in reverse for a quarter mile, turning around.

I couldn't fall asleep that night. I thought about sleeping my sin, but I never got around to it. In the morning, after breakfast, I opened up the Mission of paper on my desk and looked up above invisible X's. I wondered how many marks my teammates had, if my friends were as honest as I was.

WE PLAYED OUR FIRST TWO GAMES away, knowing off other church teams that usually beat us badly. Billy had started as guard, in my old spot, and the two other converts had also started. Three of us who'd been baptized took a spiritual challenge. We clapped and cheered as loud as we could, trying to prove to the other teams that—Evangelical!

Lutherans and Seventh-day Adventists—that Latter-day Saints were the best sports in town.

Even while I clapped and yelled, though, I was feeling very sorry myself, not only for my friends and for the other teams, whose coaching had saved two players. All the way on to do was our own. Down in the locker room, under the chapel, he'd hang up a black-and-white photo of his old laugh in Young University room. He pointed to it at half time and told us about those players' records, that it didn't, and that embarrassment. The convert took that sort of thing. Myself, I had to work to keep my class as a player.

It got there late the night I Bishop Johansson's speech meant. I couldn't believe we were still going to have it. Bishop Johansson had called me that morning and had said as his referees, kinder than one month was up and I should come as a series. I got there late because I was up late. I'd stayed up a late, but I'd had no.

That was the church basement locker room had been changed up when Bishop Johansson took my pants and taped it up next to the other ones. In the white light, the pants in fact looked black and black. At a quarter to eight there were still people missing, including Kelly. In fact, we never saw her again. His pants changed from white to black and white and went back to being white.

We sat on the bench in our street clothes while Bishop Johansson showed the Mark ball in, sitting up on a chair. He had not been in any white, but we waited, but some were just sitting. Other guys quietly laughed and looked each other.

Gary did up inside me on the bench and whispered to me. "You better leave more than twenty, Karl. I made a deal with Mark and Phil to all go over every."

I looked at him. I hadn't heard about this.

Bishop Johansson got down off the chair, stepping really because at his house he looked on the papers, then turned around and said, "How many guys put their names on shoes? Anyone? If you did put your name on, show me where you put it and I'll be glad to see it."

Nobody moved or made a sound.

"Okay then," Bishop Johansson said. "Good Names aren't the point here. This is about embarrassment tonight. It's so that you can see yourselves the same way God sees us. We think we're better."

Somebody chuckled.

"Whoever just laughed has a lovely soul," Bishop Johansson said.

you can't stop," Bishop Johansson said. "Don't even try. That's pure pride if you think you can do this alone."

He said. They're better off the white light and turned on the black one.

First I saw my bishop's hands. They glowed. Then in my eyes adjusted to the dark of the locker room, I saw out X's emerging one by one like little yellow stars. They showed in the purple dark. I'd thought that I would want to see them, but there was too many—they seemed to be everywhere, they were in hands and columns. The room had a Mission-like smell that made some players cry a little. We sat there, breathing, watching, not talking. Our eyes were yellow stars at us together. I wanted to stay there all night, just looking.

The Rain Barrel

By Jim Nichols

IN THE SPRING, I ALWAYS made my way down the stairway to the dark cellar of my father's empty house, and rained on the naked bulb above the workbench where Dad's tools hung gathering dust on the pegboard. It was very dim in the cellar even during the daytime, because there were no windows in the rock foundation of the old place. I was as blind as my father until the bulb blinked on.

On a small pulley at the end of the workbench lay his cut board, and I would wonder if outside in the rain it rained inside the bulb and outside it up. It was a special request he had made his first spring in the morning house, after the weather had taken his sight and spirit. He had wanted the request to be his own handwriting, quavery and slanted.

Start up the overhead, he wrote: *Has to be started up every spring or it won't be any good*

I made the effort because he'd always loved his house and wanted so much, and was looking of their own way. I tapped the heavy old thing into the cellar doors across the rigger down the barrel, desired the plug, filed it with fat, and pulled the cord and it started. I felt it raining for a while, after adjusting the wire, putting in a new bulb, and the weather, so I could tell Dad everything was okay.

One year the rain came while I was downing dust. It had been raining for a week, then had stopped and looked as though it would come, so I headed off. It was Saturday, and I drove along Route 1, and saw the drops spattering my windshield before I was halfway there. But I went on.

It had been a last spring. The bulb above the coal was broken, the grass played first. In the woods beyond the hills, grey filaments of hardwood stood looking across the sky. My

"The Rain Barrel" marks Jim Nichols's first appearance in a national magazine

water splashed the glass, and the rain made a new noise on the pavement. At one point I shut the story off to make a last bird or was coming down, but the water quickly blurred my windshield and I stopped them back on.

I counted the rain-dipped Skunkapoot River into Wisconsin, drove by the overhills, close hatched and started, proceeded as a birdhouse. My seat belt was in Wisconsin, and following the current of some I passed her stone, thinking about her two to my place two days before. She had called down lately home. Gloria, my wife, had made an excuse and left the party—Theresa assigned her no end. I had to leave because she's my sister. She was in the kitchen in the, but was because she had run through the rain from her car.

Theresa spoke to me every so often about the house. She knew it was well to her, and wanted possession right away, so she went to see it and Dad passed on. So nobody might as well get something from the place, she would try, instead of letting it go there and see. The house would keep better if occupied. It could be rented or sold.

"Why isn't anyone empty?" she said. When she was on the table, and she moved close enough to look into the cup on her lips, waiting or not, her eyes the same brown as Dad's.

I thought, *empty*. When good will it do me to submit that house for years from now?" she said, leaning forward.

"How do you know it'll be for years?"

"He's still young. You've talked to the doctor."

"But he had the worst prognosis, huh?"

Theresa frowned. "Don't give me that. You know how he looks in well as I do." She stared at me over the rim of his cup. She was right, he didn't want to risk, and I'd have just said that one machine did it or had been up to her. After he said, with the doctor. But he had a rough old body with no one else about dying.

"You know I could use the money," she said. I knew she could, but that didn't make it right in my eyes, and I wouldn't let her have the house. When she said, I thought behind her the house was there if it was relieving the house, I would look at it differently, my wife came back into the room.

"I know she's your sister," she said, sitting down.

"I don't have to say so," I told Gloria.

"How was he today?"

"He had been to see. Some at once."

Theresa spoke to me every so often about the house. She knew it was well to her, and wanted possession now.

"Sell me something?"

"Nope. The pen and paper is there on the table. He knows when you're doing, but won't let it ring."

"Are you sure he knows?"

"His name."

"The police man," Gloria said. She shook her head a little and purred her glass. She was my second wife, and didn't know Dad except for the visits, nothing more in the house but the stairway house. She never saw him in the light wood in house, nor heard on the overhead bulb of him, hearing on the chair and put on it. The house, waiting again, the glass. He didn't like anything, and they changed the color of things.

and he preferred to see the world as it was. The agent lives around his eyes around as he moves on.

"I wish you'd listen to him before," I told Gloria.

She smiled, and I got up and looked out the window at the rain falling.

A creek of rain brought me back to the present, driving through the window. A last station was out of the night at the intersection, the driver's movements, as I saw. When the light changed I went around him because he had stalled and couldn't get started again. He never moved and didn't catch. I made no wonder how hard the car would move that year.

In the morning I was crossing through Prospect Valley. Dad's house was there near the end of the road, and I took the back road, a narrow path that crossed the river. There was a heavy green deep among the trees. I passed through South Prospect, and two miles further along left on Lakeside Road. The house was in a short distance away. It was well rising under a low grey overcast.

I parked in front of the door, climbed the steps to the side door, and went into the kitchen. Inside, I opened all the windows. Rain splashed the dirty tile. The house smelled damp, which reminded me of what Theresa had said.

Upstairs in my old bedroom, I sat on the little bed and looked out the window, but outside's as much at the yard, with the rain working over the glass. On the chair beside the bed were my old several books. Tom Wolfe, the River Boys, the Army Boys. I took one down and slumped through it. His pages were dry and the print seemed larger than in today's books.

Dad stopped printing his large block letters messages about six months previous. One of them, you could talk to him, and he would print his answers. But he stopped. He had grown fatter and insensitive, and then he stopped writing. He got sick, I guess. The last thing he wrote was in response to my clumsy mention of his improved blood count. *Big deal, he wrote. I'll throw the dirt up and put on the floor, and have to write anything more. When I think he's going to be, he couldn't be. All he had was a little bit, a lot and again, coming himself all at once. He put on weight until I took two myself to get him out of bed and into a wheelchair so they could push him to the dining room, and down to get him back into bed. I would help when I was there, and it was strange he said to me, he said when I was here and now I was helping him.*

I rolled out of my old bed, putting Tom Wolfe back on the shelf. After checking up upstairs I went down into the living room and sat on the couch. Everything was familiar, the broad-rug that my mother had made, the dark picture of an Indian woman in his house, arms outstretched, the truck of National Geographic on the floor. Above the house, I left the porch outside steadily. I noticed a large for the small room, felt just

less, and headed for the cellar door beside the skinny table in my room.

The cellar was empty, as always. I groined for the bulb, and saw the workbench and tools, the cardboard on the pulley. I walked across the space, unlatched the cellar door, and flung them a pin. The metal wheels banged on the ground. There was a bit of a pause for each in new air, but they were gone.

Latching the cardboard caught a swing in my back, but it didn't seem across, so I went ahead. It weighed a ton. I moved to the pulley or every year. I struggled up the stairs steps and through the rain in the barrel, which was nearly filled. There was another swing as I struggled.

Back in the cellar, I closed the spark plug, brought in the gas can out of the barrel. By the time I had the meter running, my arm was dead and rain pulling the cord. It was as comically at first, as it cramped in the small space, but after I set the meter the sound unclouded a little. I went under the kitchen and saw the window watching the later mother run through the rain, checking that the overhead should have been as least in the water. Somewhere instead of looked into the barrel.

Dad used to make me out in the house. We'd run out to one of the windows, looking at the view. If we caught something, we'd cut it for lunch, making it in the frypan with one of those wet girls you take in the ground. We'd burn the whole and get a good fire going. Dad didn't talk much over then, but he showed me things. Once we got caught in a storm, and he built a lean-to with pine boughs, and we sat under the boughs looking at the rain pattern, watching the water wash up on the door, staring at the high-water mark.

The wind shifted, and the rain beat against the valley across the window. I couldn't see the overhead. Looking at my watch, I saw that three minutes had passed, and were inside and cut the meter. I stepped slowly as the rain. The water stopped looking, and I unlatched the door into the car. When I looked out, the weather was clear of the order of the barrel, the meter was changed in my back. I had to pause and hold my breath. Then it was away, and I bobbed carefully back to the cellar, using the weight of the meter on the pulley. I saw back to the gas can, then looked the meter. Upstairs, after a last look around, I latched the window shut, then the side door. Back to my car I headed off through the downpour.

THE NEXT DAY IT WAS STILL RAINING when we drove east to visit Dad. Gloria and I ran across the parking lot between cars. Dad wasn't in his room, so we walked through the spacious lobby to the dining room, and saw him in his wheelchair propped and smiling. He had another woman. Theresa was sitting beside him, talking to her. He was so happy and good. His back had. I knew exactly what she was trying to him, it was as plain as her face as the gray

Mail on Nichols

One day I was riding from the Harbor to Boston and got out to stretch my legs during the first-mile climb of Northland. A pleasant fellow with a beard, who was working at the airport talked with me for a minute or two and then asked if he could lay a story on me. I nodded gladly. The odds on a good afternoon from this kind of encounter are even. At any rate, the story was short, and I read it in the ten minutes remaining in my flight and was taken with it. It was no more than a sketch about young men who were too young, but the author had that in common with the first that it was so stirring. So on my flight back a couple of days later, I went out of my way to get out again at Rockland and left this letter. At Nichols— I saw how his own story had been told. He was so good, and I had such a good feeling about it. He was so good, and I had such a good feeling about it. He was so good, and I had such a good feeling about it.

There is an art to comment on it here; you will read it soon enough. I hope you can find it in the book, and I'll be happy to be a bookman when they do his biography. I don't know why, but it seems to me most talented young writers who are working in airports. —Norman Mailer

on Dad's. When the natural is, a definite expression hardened her features.

"Hi, Dad," I said loudly. "It's Paul and Gloria." He went on stamp, I looked at Theresa. "Any progress?" "No," Theresa said. "He won't write!"

Theresa looked at the pad and pen on the table. "No, he won't write," she said.

Dad was trying to read or if he had missed anything. A pearly blond nurse came over, spoke loudly to him, and took his dinner away. Dad sat back in the chair.

"Well, Daddy," Theresa said, a hand resting upon his shoulder. "I have to go now. Paula's here. I'll see you tomorrow." She patted his shoulder, he didn't respond. Theresa sat goodforn and left. The nurse returned and cleaned up Dad with a wash cloth.

"Would you like to go back to your room, William?" I asked, pulling the chair back from the table. "We've read the wrong area," she said me, "but he doesn't want to write it."

Dad gave no sign he heard her. We walked beside them as they pushed the wheelchair through the corridors, checking about what a sweetheart Dad was, how all the nurses loved him. "Aren't you a sweetheart, William?" the nurse asked. Looking at me, she said, "The only thing we don't like is putting him back in bed." She laughed. "You've got me some tonight, haven't you, dear?" Looking brightly at me, she asked if I would help today.

"I'll help."

"Oh, good. Then we'll only need one more nurse." She stopped at the desk in the lobby, bringing another nurse along with us. We went into Dad's room, and she pushed the chair onto the bed. Looking the while, I moved the chair to the two nurses who had him up by his arms, secured him, and let her upper half down into the mattress. I left it on my back when I pushed his legs up and swung them over. The back had been overfilled, and I rearranged carefully. The nurses rolled Dad over, tucked him in, and left, making us sit. I left the smell of my back with my fingers.

Gloria and I sat at the foot of the bed. Dad's head lay on the white pillow. I tried to adjust my eyes to the light when I heard it, I closed the lamp, replaced a night bulb. He gave no sign, but when he heard only the outburst was momentary. Gloria put her hand on my arm. There had been a slight movement of his leg.

"I think he wants to hear," Gloria said. I descended meaningfully, from carrying a cup of coffee to getting the pen in my hand, and the blue ink smudged on my hand. When I stepped he held out his hand.

I smiled at Gloria. Dad struggled to a sitting position, took the pad and pen from me, and nodded his head.

"Is it about the outbreak?" I asked. "I got it going for you, Dad."

He finished writing and held the pad out. It said, *Big deal!* I looked at Gloria. Dad laboriously got up and something else, raised it around. I had to lean over him. He had written, *Give her the damn book!*

Altogether Dad spread the paper out, crumpled it up, and threw it weekly away. He tossed the pad and pen off the wall to the floor, then lay back heavily. I had to look away from his unfocused eyes, and glanced at the window but saw only the rain his nose against the glass. Couldn't see anything outside. You would never know there was anything there. I heard Dad breathing.

We sat there and nobody said a word. My back began to ache.

SURREAL LIFE

The Size of Love

By Mark Leyner

I FINALLY LOST MY PATIENCE and shrieked. Get out, get out all of you! My little bedroom was filled with pilgrims, militants, hostages, clerics, extremists, dissidents, mediators, ideologues, pragmatists, and militarists. If you're all not out of here in ten minutes, I'll have a light-infinity unit equipped with armored personal carriers and artillery in here so fast I'll make your heads spin. Now out, move it! My

utopian room was permeated by the dozen brown beams of BMW-13 multiple-endent branches and the wheezing sound of rising missiles. I pointed to a bunch of priks standing near my headstone—these guys had really bogged me. They'd been continuously making desecrate warcrimes in my expense. At night they totally sacked on soccer balls, making it impossible for me to sleep, and they were either actually talking back to my little brother or attempting to reduce my little brother to near using crack. I went into guys identified and then blindfolded and shackled and drove in buses to special interrogations—these guys had really bogged me. A fairly intense communist suicide quest after he was released, being one a cynical capsule shot had been hidden in a bag on his right hand. He himself denied accessory looks at me, as if I were somehow responsible for his death. I didn't care, it was his choice. I don't have the patience for this shit anymore, everybody out! We can't leave, someone said. Why? There's a river between here and pointed to a spot on the map and out another mountain. There the pointed aqueduct, and the river is too deep to ford. Yes, yes, I remember his complaints, too deep to ford. You'll find portable poison bridges in any barrens in the second drawer from the bottom... Take them and those off! An old man with a gray beard edging his craggy face and a leather bandolier of conversation around his shoulder was pointing helplessly at another old man. What's the trouble? I asked. He took my

Mark Leyner lives in Hoboken, New Jersey. His novel *My Cosmos*, My Government logs will be published next year by Marrow Books.

AK-47 assault rifle. I walked up to the other old man and saw enough he had two AK-47s. Give him back his AK-47 and I mean you both out of here, and be quiet when you pass my parents' room, I don't want them waking up, do you understand? Now we're getting somewhere, I said to myself as people started clearing out. Okay, there's a 73-millimeter Chinese-made rocket-propelled rifle and a Soviet-made ZU-23 anti-aircraft gun in the hallway near the bathroom—where do they belong? A guy tossed his head, they belong to my parasilitary security force. All right, I want you, your parasilitary security force, the rocket-propelled rifle, and the anti-aircraft gun out of here, and be extremely careful taking the stuff downstairs—there's an antique walnut hammer. A young Air Force colonel approached me, asking, Sir, do you know where I can catch a 1-1 bomber in New York, sir? When anyone, could, there's Kennedy, La Guardia, and Newark. Sir, La Guardia, sir. Cades, there are rocket-armed B-1 bombers leaving every hour on the hour from Dyess Air Force Base in Texas, Ellsworth Air Force Base in South Dakota, Grand Forks Air Force Base in North Dakota, McConnell Air Force Base in Kansas, and Whiteman Air Force Base in Missouri. I went you out of here and on one of them by a lion house—do you comprehend the English language, colonel? Sir, yes, sir. Then they are you still standing here? Sir, a crazy thing happened last night, sir. What was that, sir? I said, I was getting into my car to go to work and I was waving to a friend. A flash going down I was reading a John Deere poem entitled "Love's Den," which opens with the line, "To what a combersome emerald seed! And bedoncos rapacious my love had grown!" So Anna was finally ready, and I put the book down and we left the house, and we got in the car and took the Highway Tenet to San Francisco, and we're driving up South Avenue looking for a space, and planned on a parking space, and powers not having a hand that's playing somewhere and what do you think that brand is called? Big Fat Lady! I couldn't believe it... the same quadrangular, sir?

MORTAL LESSONS

The Proximity

By Robert Boswell

L EDWARD DYJAK, TWENTY and in a booth in Tepicapilpa, Honduras, faces Anna Ormoran, who has been given the title of Mission of the Keys, although she is fourteen and a virgin, the daughter of one of the prostitutes. She

shuffles behind a hefty wooden counter, chewing gum, pocket radio pressed to her ear. Her hair is dark and pulled to make her look like Diana Dors, who has just left the Supremacy—a big mistake, Anna tells her friends. She wears a childlike dress and while she chews the gum and watches Dyjak's money as if he and his business annoy her. Dismissing him toward a dim hall with her index finger, she lets a key ring bang against a key-top all the same finger and has had a private means to convey her sophistication and her disregard for him.

Dyjak is in the middle of a summer trip, three months of travel through Mexico and Central America. Two years earlier, he managed to catch a student deferment and so avoided Vietnam, but he is the sort of boy who, once he goes what he wants, becomes certain that he has missed something important as a result. And so he embarked on this trip through the Third World to make up for having missed the war.

Dyjak wanders down the long hall, checking the number on his key several times, and finds the room around a corner, in the middle of yet another dark hall. Before he can slide his key into the door, the door swings open. A woman not quite five feet tall greets him, her hand extended for the key, which serves as a receipt. This morning, while the staid business in a shabby prayer room with the light at her back, she is smiling, and Dyjak smiles at his good fortune. He drops his backpack onto the dusty floor, and though he feels it around this power woman with whom he is about to have sex, he is waving his hand. Anna looks at him, and she is happy—there. She has been a prostitute for six and one-half years. To Dyjak, she says the one word, *Amor*, but with flashing eyes the long vowel.

They go on bed with the light on, and Dyjak becomes aware of his age and height, the dark smudges of skin along the corners of his eyes and nostrils, which Dyjak, being shy, does not attempt to be much more than carrying children. He does not even pause that she has children, and he is unable of imagining a life less beyond the parameters of her day, single mothers. He has a romantic image of the sisters of Central America, and the words make him think of Africa tribes he has seen on television who fashion decorative scars on their bodies. He takes the woman's hands to be symbols of a positive and appropriate state.

Dyjak is in fact, although he has to give it his performance, and quickly his bottom so Anna is leaving a purple bruise. In his miserable position, he asks where he can find a cheap place to sleep, and the direct is to go back to the Mission of the Keys, where, he tells him, will rest our unaccompanied beds.

Anna is surprised when Dyjak returns so quickly, and she tells him that he must not have found the room. His explanation makes her smile. "Okay, okay," she says, she says she is American, and that she is, without, yes, yes, yes, yes. Dyjak doesn't understand, but it makes him smile. Then he asks if the is far off. He is twenty and ready to go again.

Anna is not offended. On the contrary, she becomes defensive. "I could be," she says deviously. "But I'm not." Her mother is smart, disliking dress, suggestive clothing, even lipstick and eye shadow. But Anna does not want Dyjak to think of her as a child because, being a child, she cannot do what other adults do, even sleeping. She tells him she usually works in the bank, but tonight she must stay behind the counter, and besides, he could never afford her. She is very expensive.

When he insists on a price, she names what she feels is an outrageous amount, but Dyjak has exchanged dollars on the black market, and he could easily afford her. However, by now he has guessed that she is bluffing, and he purchases only a room. This time when she gives him the key, her hand lingers

suggestively in his.

In the narrow room, there is only the bed—a cot dressed or dressed, not even a chest—and unless there still be a window, there is a chest of a ragged plywood. Dyak hangs his shirt and pants on hooks, but the sheets are filthy, and he dresses again and sleeps in his clothing. From the cracks between the wall and floor come centers of yellow light, which keep the room from complete darkness. He covers the leather pillow with a T-shirt and sticks his pillow inside.

All through the night he hears the sounds, slightly muffled by the flimsy walls, of human copulations and, intermittently, the noise of a radio—a woman listening during the intervals between acts. This woman and her sister he finds fascinating, and he contemplates going to the kitchen of the boys and asking for her.

"The one with the radio," he would say. Despite the ignorance of the broadcast and the limits of his knowledge of the language, he eventually makes out a baseball game, which seems to go on forever, deep into the Howland night. Only after he figures this out is he able to sleep.

Just after dawn, he rises to catch the bus that will take him to San Salvador. On the way out, he passes by the school of law to look for Anna, but it is vacant, which leads him to picture her sleeping, and the image he creates confirms his notion that she is a child. From his backpack, he withdraws a notebook and a pen. He writes her a short letter before leaving.

The morning air is pleasantly cool but noisy to whistle—the cry of Tegucigalpa will be lower and in his mind is the odor of diesel fuel—and he lugs his backpack up the narrow asphalt street in a sleeping fit that looks like the kind of loneliness of what had once been a house, instead now with paper wrappers from a nearby McDonald's. Several women sit together on the edge of the concrete, two have small children asleep in their laps, while older children sit quietly nearby. The men stand, and Dyak follows their model, pacing along the sidewalk, hands in his pockets, alone.

The street curves as it climbs a hill, and there are holes in the asphalt as the noisy, cramped concrete blocks Gray enters houses crowd the narrow sidewalk. One building, less than half a block away, looks to Dyak like a hotel, and later he learns that it had been that originally and later was a whorehouse. The terrace on each floor has concrete wrought-iron railings, and the road is surrounded by the same decorative concrete. When catches Dyak a woman in the group of people coming toward the street. As she ends, a man in a white uniform speaks with his arms folded, and across the road, more than two dozen people face him. They are much lower than he, and Dyak believes they are staring—no more he believes they are looking—and none of them is raising a chin.

Dyak removes his camera from the backpack and begins adjusting the focus when one of the men wearing the bus passes but then and again looks away. The man looks at him silently while staring at the ground. "No photos," he says in English and says nothing more.

During the long bus ride Dyak learns that the building is now the headquarters for the secret police. This episode fills his head with quiet excitement, and the image of the prisoners' hair shavers returns to him often during the remainder of the trip.

Robert Bownell and his wife, writer **Antony Nelson**, will watch this fall at *New Mexico State* in Las Cruces. His novel *The Geography of Desire* will be published by Knopf in September.

trip, and, truthfully, for the remainder of his life.

A week passes. Dyak has spent much of it at, in his hotel room in San Salvador. His guidebook has one instruction more expensive than the others, that comes to American tourists. Dyak has been visiting each place for reasons of expense and adventure, but his illness has made him crave local and familiar food.

The breakfast room Dyak at a table already occupied by a young couple from Oregon. The women, who says her name is

hey go to bed. He does not guess that she has children. He can't imagine life for her beyond this mattress.

Cherry, explains to Dyak, "They startle the people who consider happy back here, and to the kitchen." She has a big mouth that is unattractive and the smile.

"We never been mistaken for a happy before," Dyak says. The man has a beard and goatee. He is wearing a shirt decorated with yellow dye. He says, "I'm not getting out of El Salvador's too fucked up." He tells Dyak that he is, as is Carl and says they're heading toward Costa Rica. Dyak explains that he'll be there in another week or two. "Stop Nicaragua," Carl tells him. "We haven't had those. We have more."

Over their meal, Dyak tells them about Honduras, Anna and Amelia, the headquarters for the secret police. Their food arrives just as he finishes the story, and Cherry says stop, "Spicy," while Carl puts down his head, but Dyak can tell they're impressed. When they finish eating, they want Dyak to come with them to a movie, but he has already seen a film, and they agree to meet at the hotel later. As it turns out, they are traveling with the same guidebook, and so they are, staying at the same hotel.

After they have appeared, Dyak walks to a bus stop. He is ready to return to his room and read a novel and find him to one and he can room his new friends. At the airport, among other locals, is an attractive Salvadoran woman in expensive clothes and with very short, curly hair. Dyak tries to strike up a conversation, but she has little interest in him.

A pair carrying soldiers arrives just ahead of the bus, and one of the soldiers advances the bus driver to keep the door shut. Before entering for the bus, the soldier speaks to the driver. The soldier who carries Dyak's camera says, "Stop!" Dyak doesn't understand at first, then thinks his head to indicate that no, he is not a soldier. The photograph as his passport shows him with short hair, and the soldier nods reasonably. "Get you out," he says in English, touching Dyak's hair.

The woman beside him is less interested. The soldier does not like his pants or his short hair. They ask her if she thinks it is a man, she tells them no. The soldier who questions Dyak now pokes him by the elbow and asks in English, "Is one girl or man?"

"Girl," Dyak says. The soldier then says something to his men, something about Dyak and the woman. He isn't at all and can't be so determined all he hears, but the man laughs and has the rapist on the woman's blouse. With a knife in his hand, the material simply falls away, the soldier cuts the dress. The blonde girl then she the shoulder, so that the hair is if it down around her waist. It is tucked away her pants, and the soldier says, "It is cut off, leaving the back of the rapist's shirt inside her

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strokes. He unties her hair and slips it over his pocket. The woman does not try to run or scream. She seems pleased. In Dyjak, she is trying to let him know that he alone can save her. Her name is Jessica Solt.

"Now," the soldier says to Dyjak, "the girl or man?"

"Girl," Dyjak says.

"Then you kiss her," he says. "Here." He flicks the woman's nipple contemptuously.

Dyjak does nothing.

The soldier says, "You don't want to lose who you're a man? See what we do with this whore of a man?" His men laugh once more.

Dyjak leans over and kisses the woman's cheek lightly, just above her breast. As he does this, the soldier hits the back of his head with Dyjak's own belt, and when he bends to ward her this time, she shows her arms around his neck and presses her breasts to her breast. She wraps one leg around him, as if she is married.

In the end, this display satisfies the soldier, and Dyjak and Jessica are permitted to board the bus. She sits next Dyjak and when he allows, she accepts his shirt. Dyjak is frightened and anxiously scanned. He wishes to take her to his room, but she will say nothing to him, and where she has reached his trap and he says, "Come with me," she does not even look at him.

When Chantry and Carl return from the north, they stop by Dyjak's room and find a note. They are talking about the note, and Dyjak argues for why it is a failure. All the time, he is amazed that he can think about means because he is terribly upset. He wishes to tell them about leaving the woman's house, about the soldiers, but he cannot, fighting to himself, and aware why.

Smoking pot makes him sad, and after a long silence where he has watched Carl's hand slide across Chantry's short skirt, he tells them what happened, then nothing in his eyes as he speaks.

"Fucking," Carl says.

Chantry looks between him and takes his hand in her hands. There are tears in her eyes as well. She glances at Carl for approval, then she kisses Dyjak lightly on the cheek and removes her blouse. Her breasts are as small and lovely as Jessica's.

"Go ahead," Carl says. "It's cool."

Dyjak leaves her blouse, and then Carl joins in with him, leaving the skirt, sagging at her feet.

In a few days Dyjak is leaving San Salvador in order to convince himself that second-class bus leaves for Managua at 4 a.m. in the morning, and he has to be twenty blocks from his room at the bus station, carrying his backpack and the stolen Guatemala bag he purchased a week ago, which is

filled now with clothing and snacks. There is no sunrise in this part of the city, but the streets are empty and dark. So he takes into the walk, he sees about a half dozen Salvadoran military officers, each armed with an automatic rifle. They stare silently at him as he approaches. A short fat man in a woman's peasant clothing, who is surrounded by a middle of blood. Dyjak stands silently across the street.

In the act of some boldness, he looks one of the soldiers in the eyes while he walks. They watch him closely, growing as he moves, their rifles rapidly tracking him. When he is almost even with them, Dyjak nods as he steps to a corner coffee shop. Each of the soldiers nods back. Only then does Dyjak dare another look at the soldier on the street, who, he sees, is dazed dead. He continues down the sidewalk without looking back.

Almost a month later, less in Costa Rica riding a mule train through the mountains to the nearest coast. Carl and Chantry are also on the train. Dyjak looks at them up from the road. He has seen, and they have been traveling and sleeping together, heading down to Limón. Costa Rica is the first country where Dyjak feels no danger there. The government has done away with the army, and hundreds of Quakers from the United States have moved here as a result.

The train ride is dramatic and beautiful, cutting through a tropical jungle, the tracks just high enough on the mountainside to be above the trees. Although he does not yet know it, this is Dyjak's last full day in Central America. He will fly back to San José this very evening and purchase a morning flight home.

He stands alone between cars, looking back at the rear of the train as it rounds a gleaming curve, and looking below at the jungle. Chantry and Carl are in the adjoining car, conversing with Puerto Rican railmen who are also from Oregon. When Dyjak looks through the front glass at them, Chantry smirks, and he looks at his shoulders as a moment that is suggestive.

He steps back to the rail and leans into the wind. Among the trees below him, he spots two colored children, little girls no older than six or seven, standing together, watching the train. They have the broad front and web color of Indians, and they stare without smiling or frowning, as if they are neither impressed with nor concerned by the sight of the train. He waves to them, but they do not acknowledge him. And while he watches them round from his vantage, he first smiles, beneath the permanent edge of smile, an animal snarl, and then he looks the knowledge within the eyes of his father—death is momentary and familiar and unopposed. □

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New Suede Hues



DAVID M. HOLLER

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 11

*This page:
Cherry-red zip-front
casual jacket
by Emporio Armani*

*Left: Boot
lace-up by Kenzo
Given for
Charles Jourdan*



This page
Three-quarter-length
green anorak
jacket, viscose-and-
wool shirt,
and wool trousers by
Gianfranco
Ferré

Right, Gold
munt-strap cap-toe
by Madsen.

Gold cap-toe
lace-up by Rybka.



The page:
Single-breasted mustard
casualwear-blend
sport jacket, green wool-
linen polo, and
suede pullover vest by
Laporte.

Right: Forest-
green lace-up by Fendi
Rovetta

Forest-green
mush-strap shoe by
Loro.



This page:
Single-breasted russet
wool topcoat
by Umberto Giannini.
Hunted wood-
knut polo by Reporter.
Pinstriped
suede trousers by
Le Marché.

Left: Brown
suede chukka boot
by Borsari.





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